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TA MACTCA MUGER

7910 Mitch

first one witch, the fairest of her kind; Ruled me, feeled me, with her very look! It't a dream I can not find,

Or is t a watchless angel I mistook?

And in one glowing kiss how she thrilled

Of the coral of her lips I was killed, I was

killed

And the fulness of her love unto me she freely willed

In my arms I held he my fairy
Held my saing yielding clinging Mary
Here, come here my dearif,

Pain sould I give thee a million kisses now He that a dores thee forever shall be

Thine and but for thee.

LA MAGICA MUGER

Just one witch, the fairest of her kind, Ruled me, fooled me, with her very look! It't a dream I can not find,

Or is't a watchless engel I mistock?

And in one glowing kiss how she thrilled

Of the coral of her lips I was killed, I was

killed

And the falmess of her love unto me she freely willed

In my arms I held ha my fairy

Held my cringi yielding clinging Mary

Here, come here my deariz,

Fain would I give thee a million kisses now

He that a dores thee forever shall be

Thine and but for thee.

Don Simon

Pon Simon I have lived to be ninety

And I tell you, God knows how I stay---It were better to die than have witnessed

All so much as I have seen in my day.

Their ideas are a terrible jumble

My poor head cannot grapple alone

How they live and they fad, and they fumble--
Ay! That doings, old friend Don Simon.

In my time how the ladies were stunning,

"ith a great big back comb in their hair.

And their little short skirts were so cunning

Shotted around at the hem to stay there.

But to-day in wide hoop skirts they're going Little bonnets, French heels overgrown, And their lace-ruffled pantaletts showing---Ay! "hat doings, Senor Don Simon!

O. F. LUMMIS 208 EAST AVE. 49,

And the short breeches that ment of contents.

And the stockings came up to the knees;

And the hair in the long queue we then wore,

And the jackets of serge or of frieze.

Now their long pants they look thin in,
Thile their hair is cropped close to the bone,
And their long coats of wool or of linen
Ay! What changes Senor Jon Simon!

Not so long ago lalies adjusted

To their dress a long train like a tail;

How the benches and wighways were dusted:

To their dress a long train like a tail;

How the benches and wighways were dusted:

Swept them as clean as a gale.

Now their dress hasn't room for a flutter,

So tight drawn and bob-tailed and ingrown,
That as much as we like it, we mutter

"That coquetting: " Seffor Don Si mon.

Irony day no vomer women went reading ---first to mass and the serven they went.

From the church to the newses a-homing.

The day in their latin. There are

O. F. LUMMIS 200 East Ave. 48,

- Addiers went in my time through their paces,
- Tith their bows and their shields and their maces, Standing up to the battle in line.
- How they're poor beardless runts all a chatter,
 In battalion formation they're thrown
 At first sight of the forman why scatter--That a foot-race, School Don Simon!
- In my time the fifteen-year-old maiden,

 Never put her small fist to a line,

 For to read and to write was forbidden,

 For respect's sake and nodesty fine.
- How no sooner they finish their teething,

 Than they scribble love-letters alone...

 In our tongue, and in Franch, even marish!.....

 Mat a scandal, Seños Bon Simon!
- In my day no young woman went rosming. --. Inst to mass and the sermon they went,
 Trom the church to the houses a-homing,
 The day in their duties they spent.

they drink only how they shall dress them

varis hats, and French heels overgrown----And they powder so much that you'd guess them

To be bakers, fenor non Simon!

hen the sweetheart a letter could sample, They would snatch it and brushing and shy And they'd hide instanter---or better---Prom Maida and the awe of her eyels.

Now Yama reads the love letters to them, On the balcony leaves them alone---There they chatter until you'd construe them Polly-parrots, Señor Jon Simon!

In my day in the minnet stately, Two by two to the measures we trod, Stepping gracious, decorous, sedately, As is fit for the people of God.

O. P. LUMMIS
200 EAST AVE, 43,
LOS ANGELES.

And the schottische a scandal are grown.

They so saugele them up on the shoulder,

Till they snow there, Senoy Don Simon!

Love is a Butterfly

Es El Amor Mariposa

Love is a butterfly ever

That with the first sunny hour

Wide opens his snowy pinions,

And flutters from flower to flower.

Love is the likes of a linnet,
With pleasure any movelty greets,
And pours out his love-song golden
Into the first Her he meets.

And so when I first espied ...
My nut-brown maid,
A frenzy of love beside the
Thy love I prayed.

And if, nigra mia,
Thou sayest one thing to me--Thou'llt see, thou wilt see how gayest
And blest we'll be, how blest we'll be.

Love is the likes of a baby Capacious and plaything mad That, aye, for a new plaything Disprizes the one he had.

In this our world, my Paloma,
All passes away, and so fast,
It leaves in our mouth the savor
Of sweetness already past.

And so, if thou are not offended

By this, my lay,

That little rese mouth, bowsbended,

Open, I pray,

And if, nigra mia,
Thou say'st one thing to me--Thou'llt see, thou wilt see how
gayest

And blest we'il be, how brest we'll be.

Love is a butterfly ever
That with the first sunny hour
Wide opens his snowy pinions,
And flutters from flower to flower.

Love is the likes of a limbet,

That pleasure in novelty greets,

And pours out his love-song golden

Unto the first Her he meets.

And so when I first espied thee,

My nut-brown maid,

In franzy of love beside thee,

Thy love I prayed.

And if, negra mia, thou sayest

One thing to me--
Thou'llt see, thou wilt see how gayest

And blest we'll be, how blest we'll be:

Love is the likes of a baby Capricious and plaything-mad That, aye, for a newer plaything Disprizes the one he had.

In this our world, my Paloma,
All passes away, and so fast,
It leaves in our mouth but savor
Of sweetness already past.

And so, if thou are not offended

By this, my lay

That little rose mouth, how-bended,

Open, I pray!

And if, negra mia, thou sayest

One thing to me--
Thou'llt see, thou wilt see how gayest

And blest we'll be, how blest we'll

Love is a butterfly ever

That with the first sunny hour

Wide opens his snowy pinions,

And flutters from flower to flower.

Love is the likes of a linnet,

That pleasure in novelty greets,

And pours out his love-song golden

Unto the first Her he meets.

And so when I first espied thee,

My nut-brown maid,

In frenzy of love beside thee,

Thy love I prayed.

And if, negra mia, thou sayest

One thing to me--
Thou'llt see, thou wilt see how gayest

And blest we'll be, how blest we'll be!

Love is the likes of a baby Capricious and plaything-mad That, aye, for a newer plaything Distrizes the one he had.

In this our world, my Paloma,
All passes away, and so fast,
It leaves in our mouth but savor
Of sweetness already past.

And so, if thou are not offended

By this, my ray

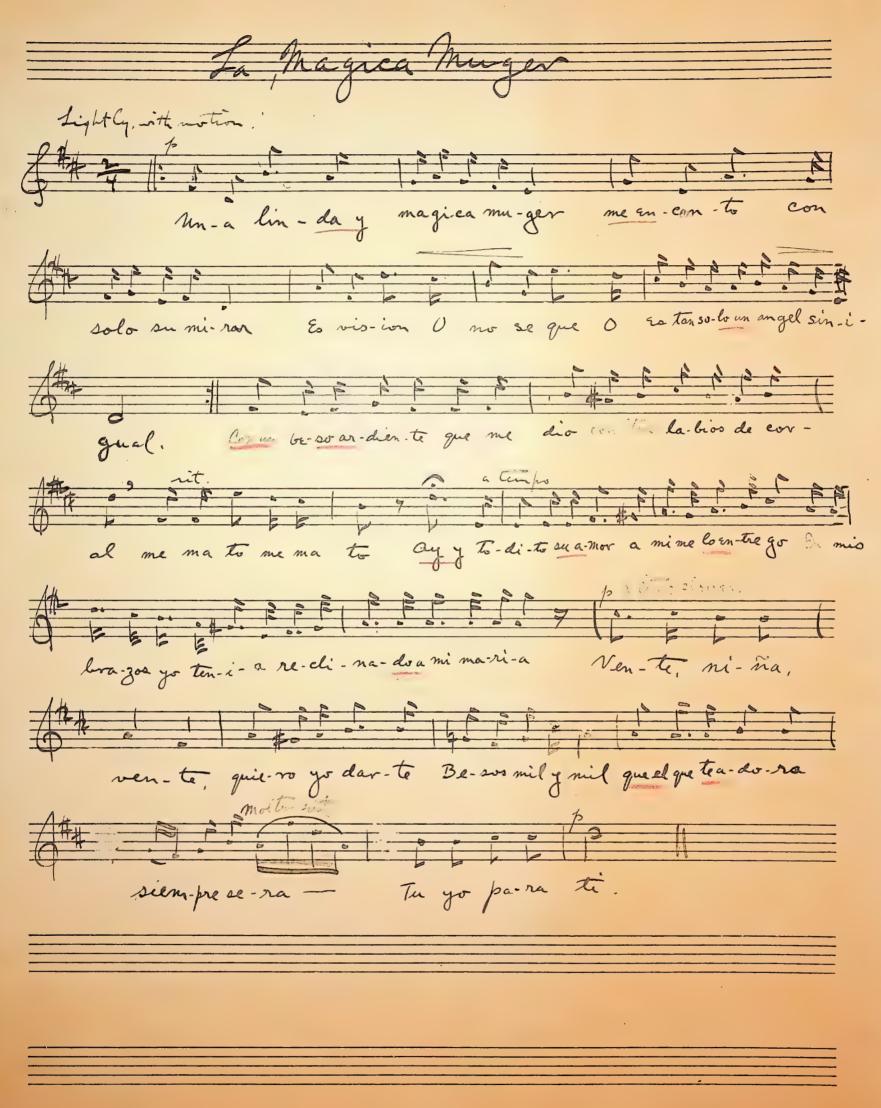
That little rose mouth, how-bended,

Open, I pray!

And if, negra mia, thou sayest

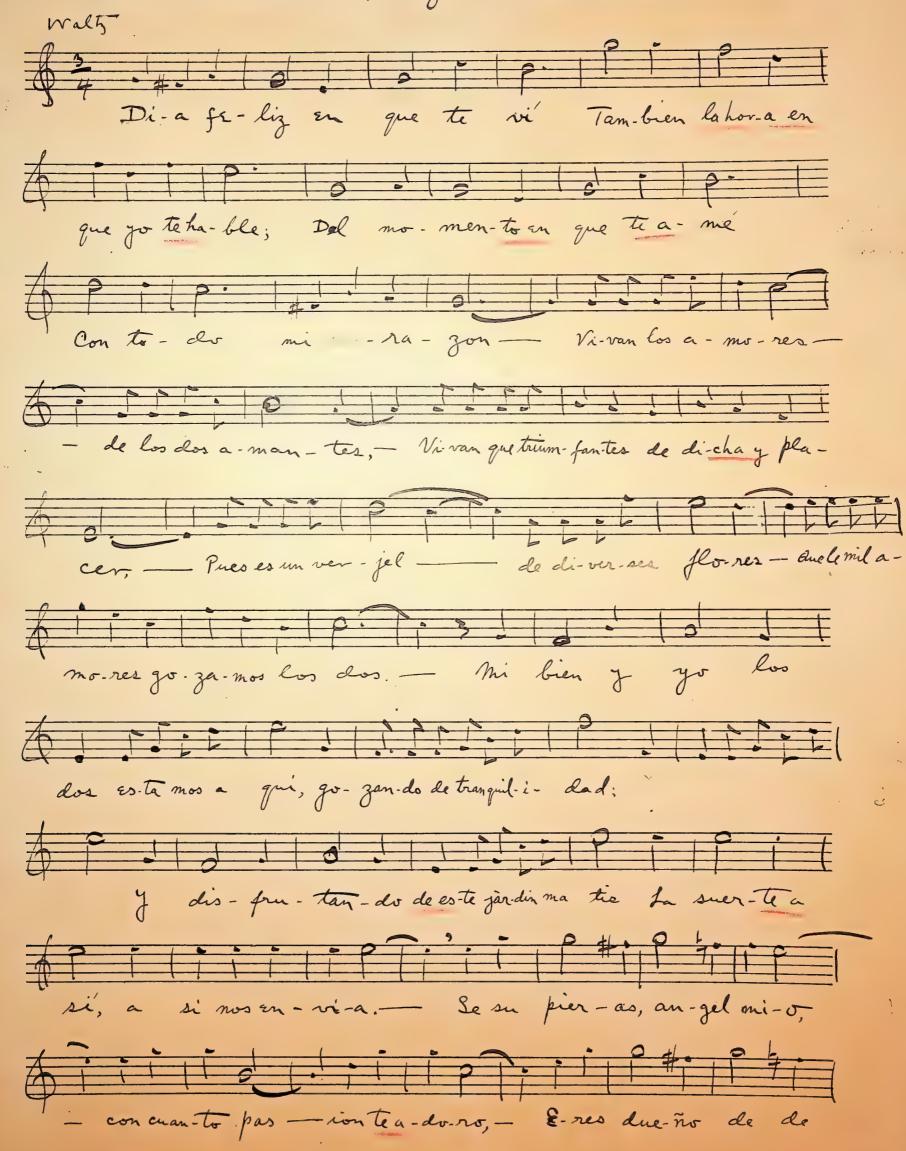
One thing to me--
Thou'llt see, thou wilt see how gayest

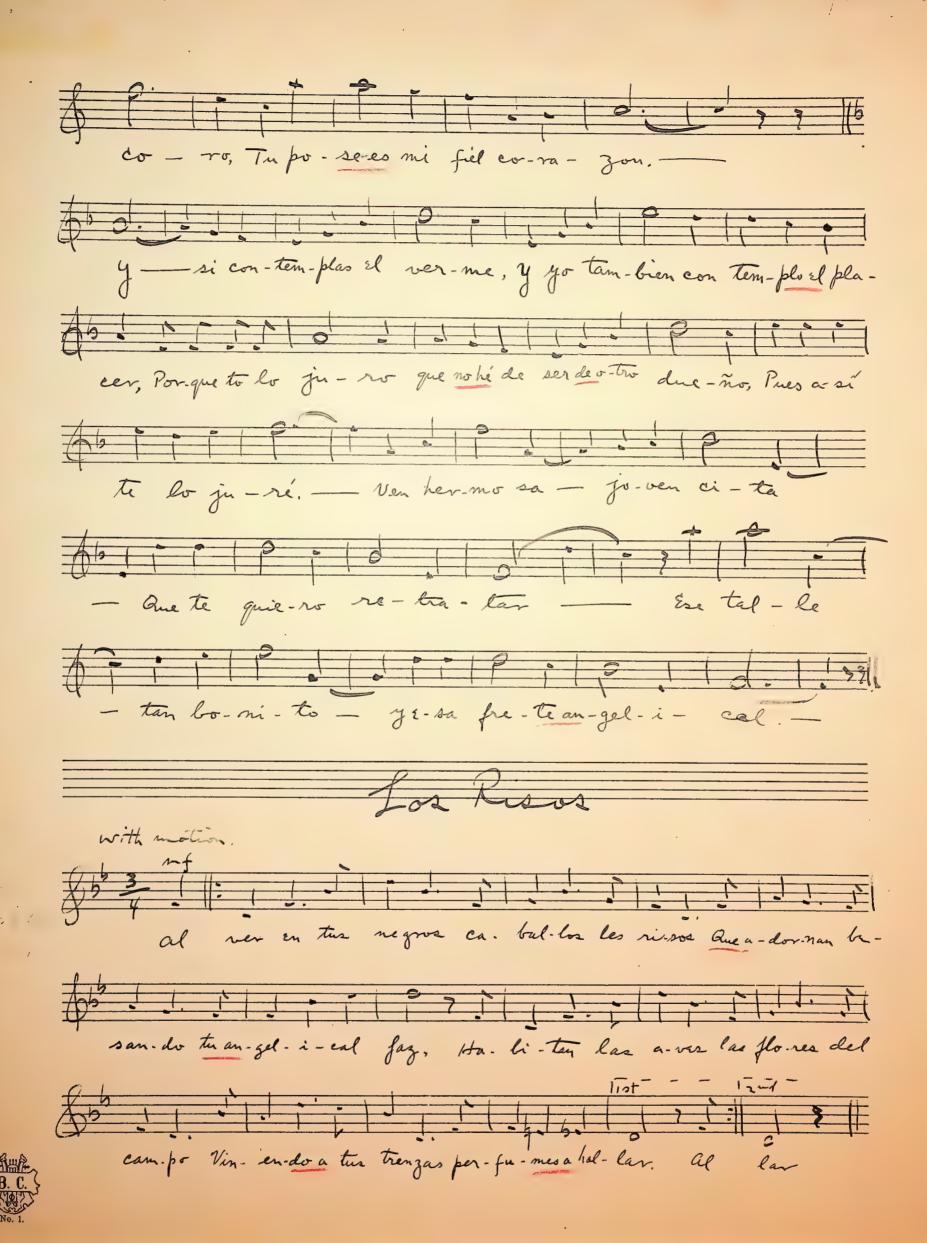
And blest we'll be, how blest we'll

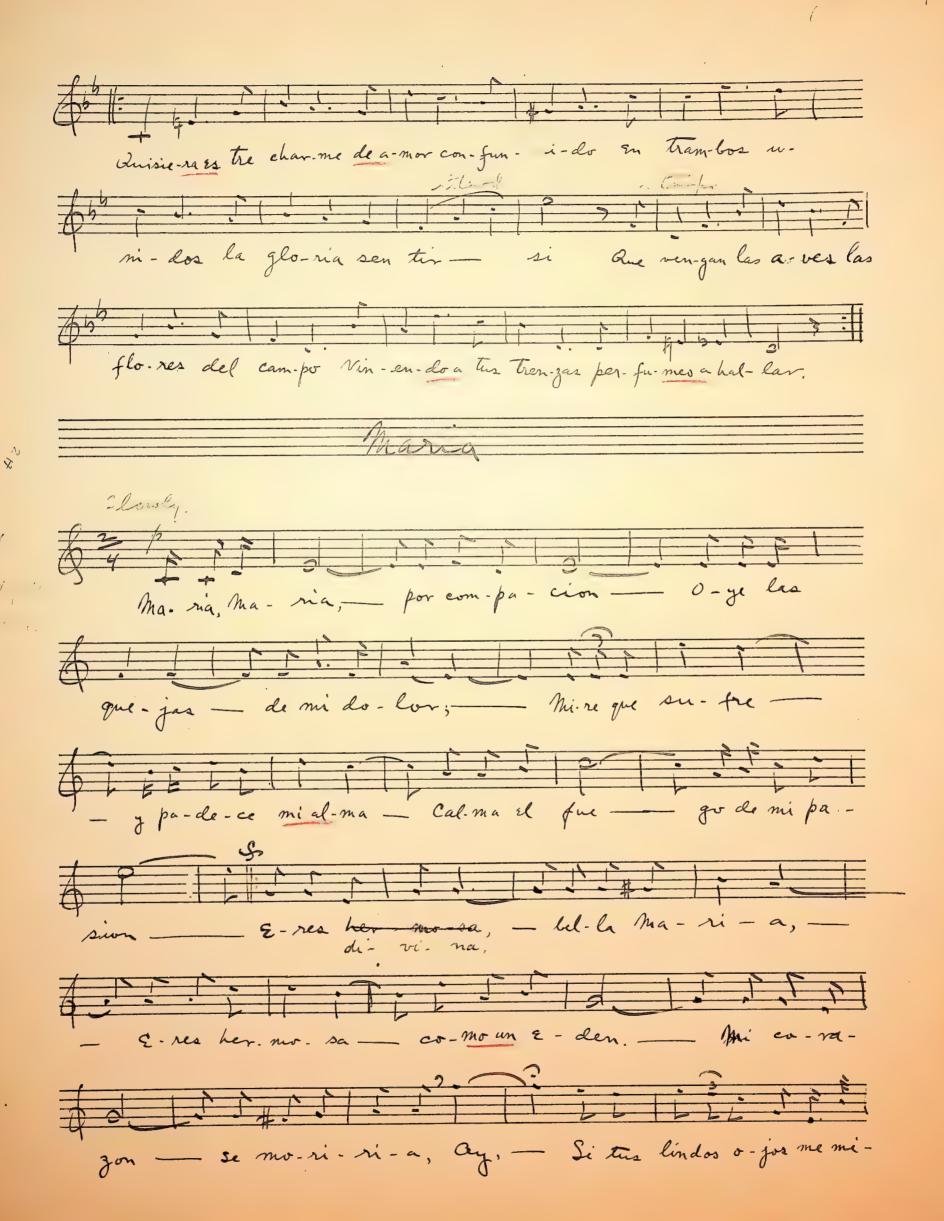


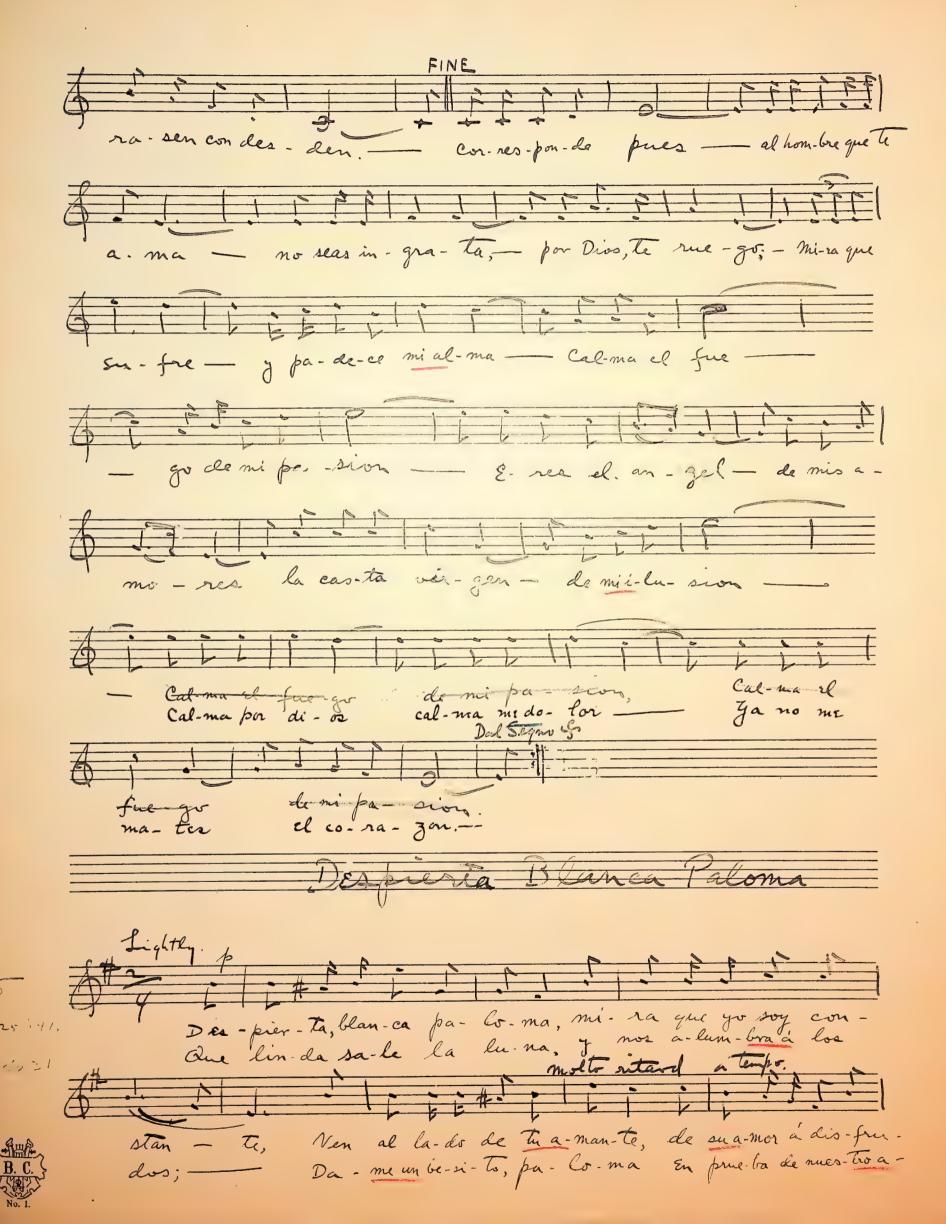
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Dia Feliz



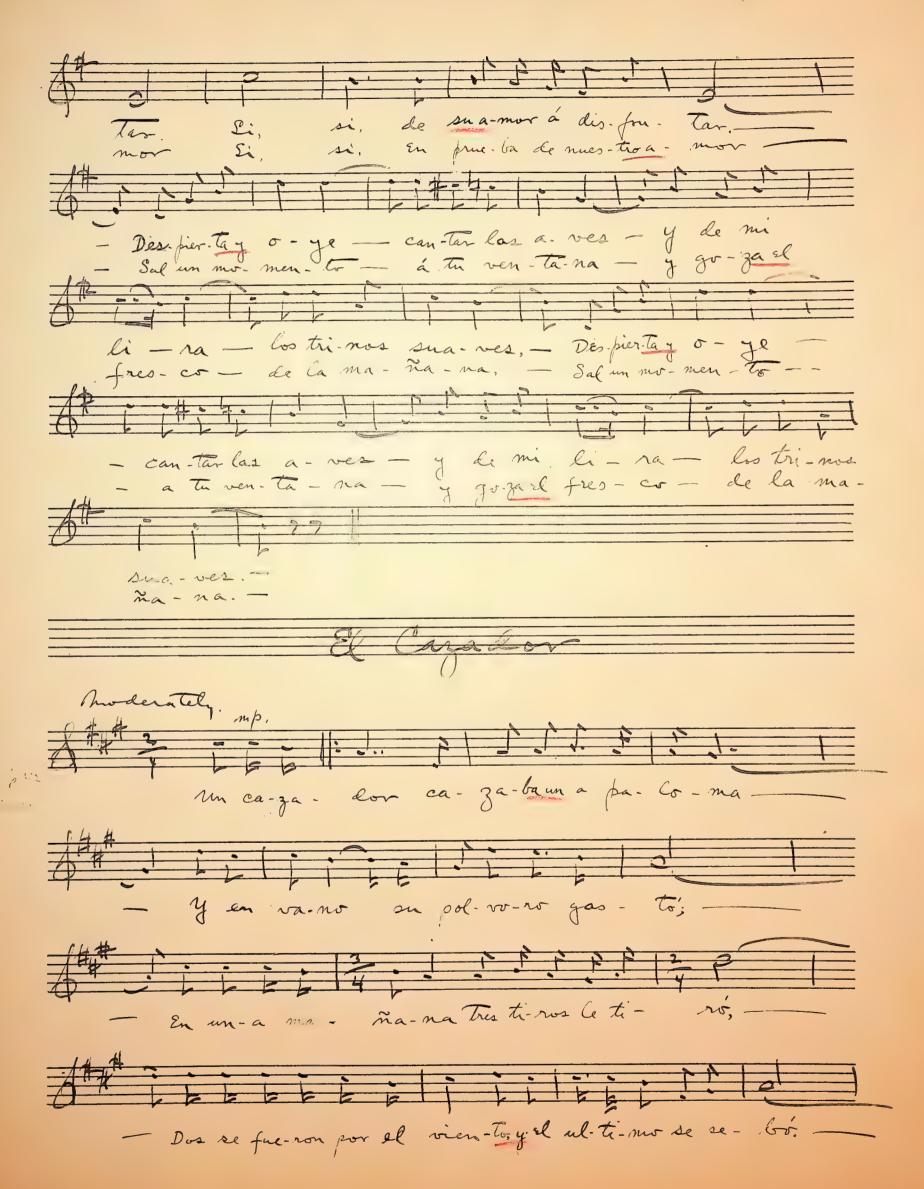




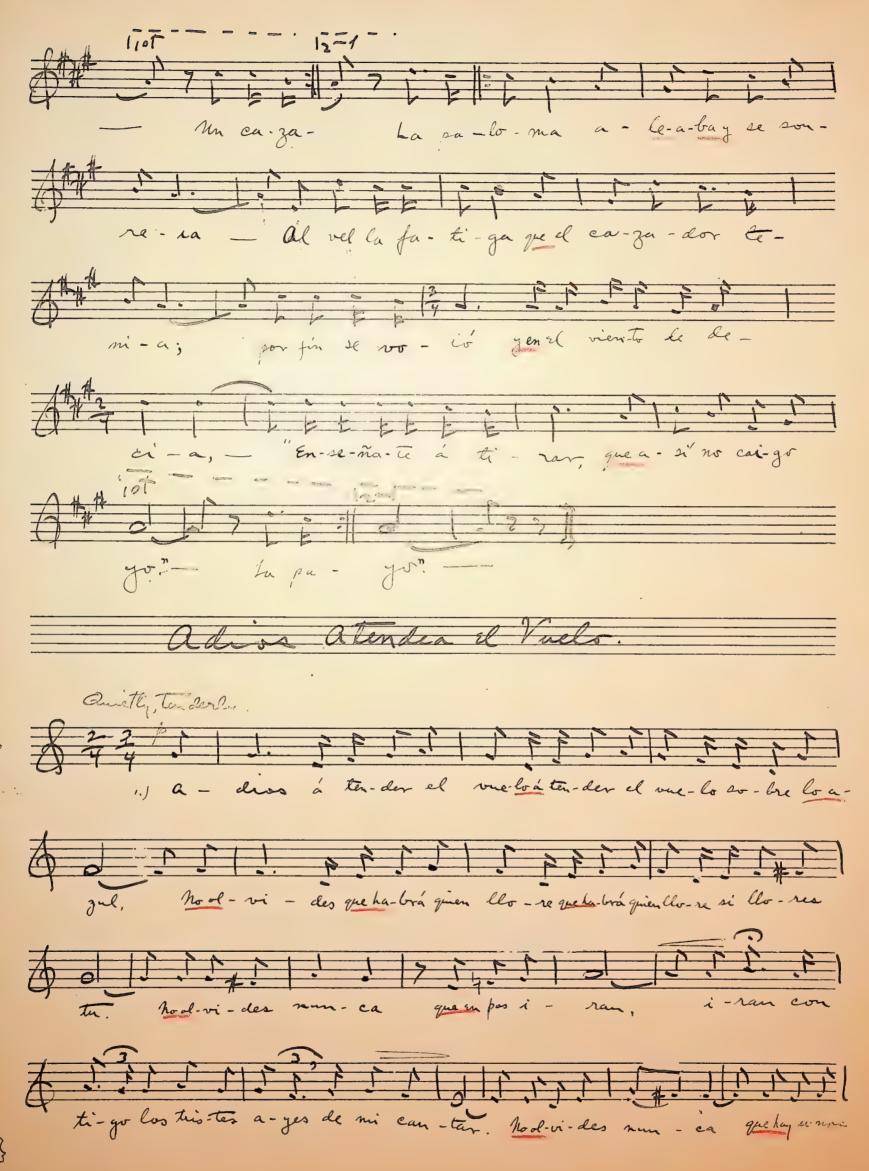


Maria .

gracia G

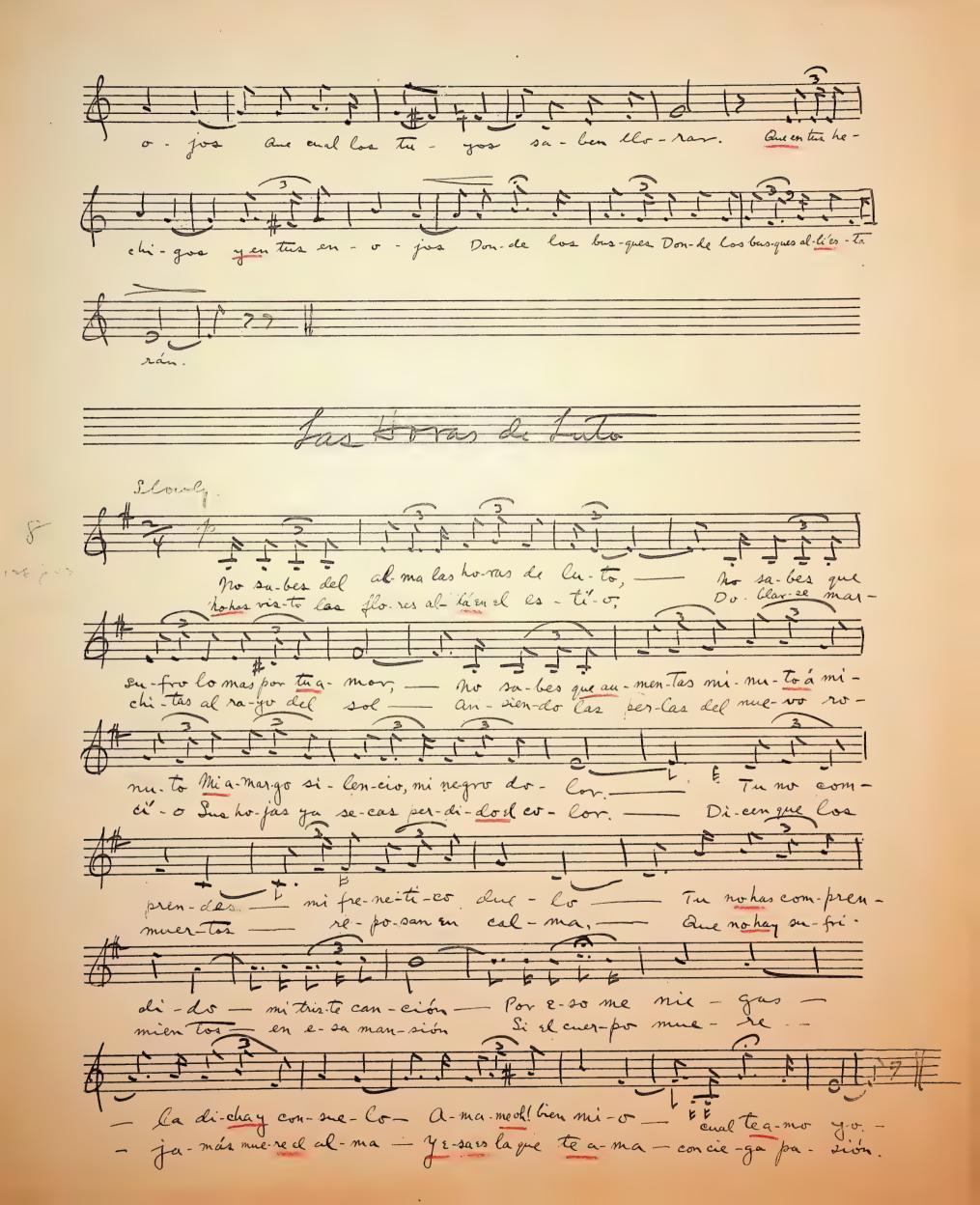


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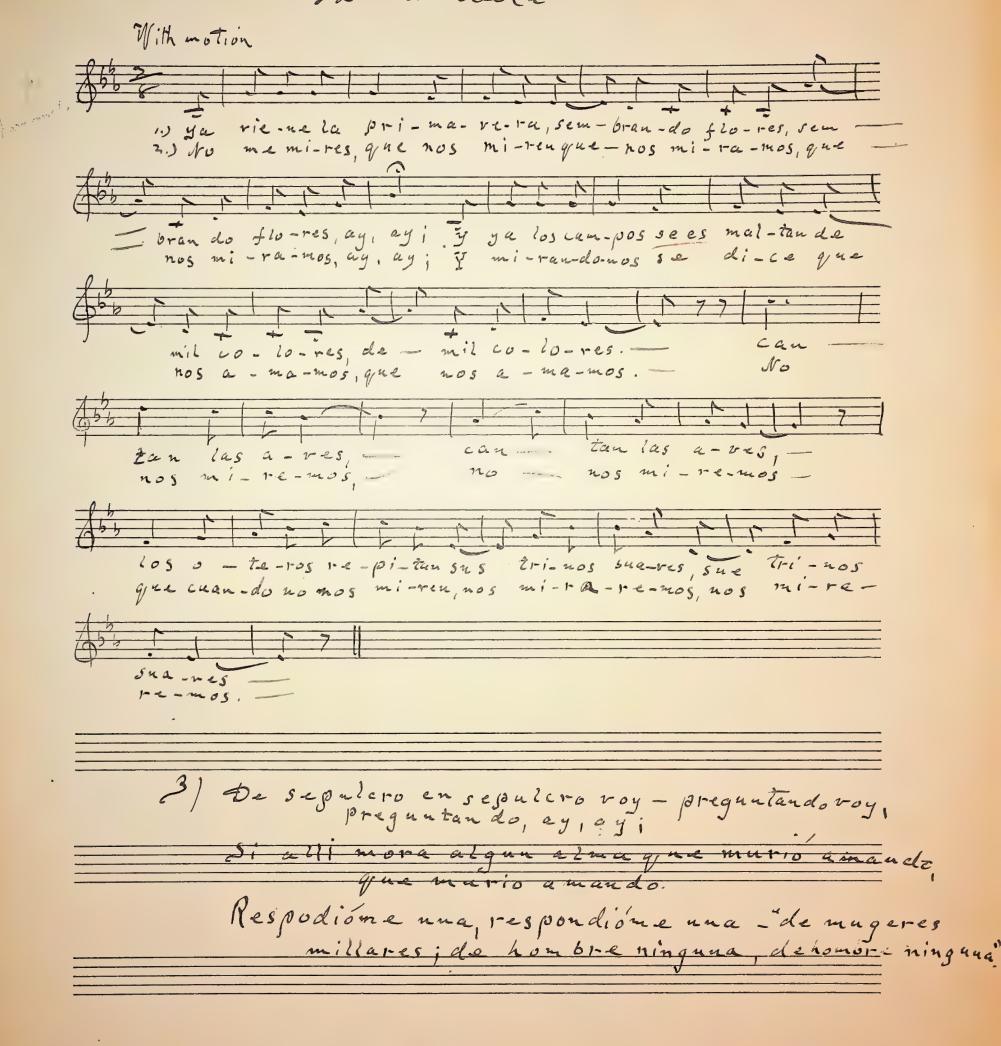


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Congress of



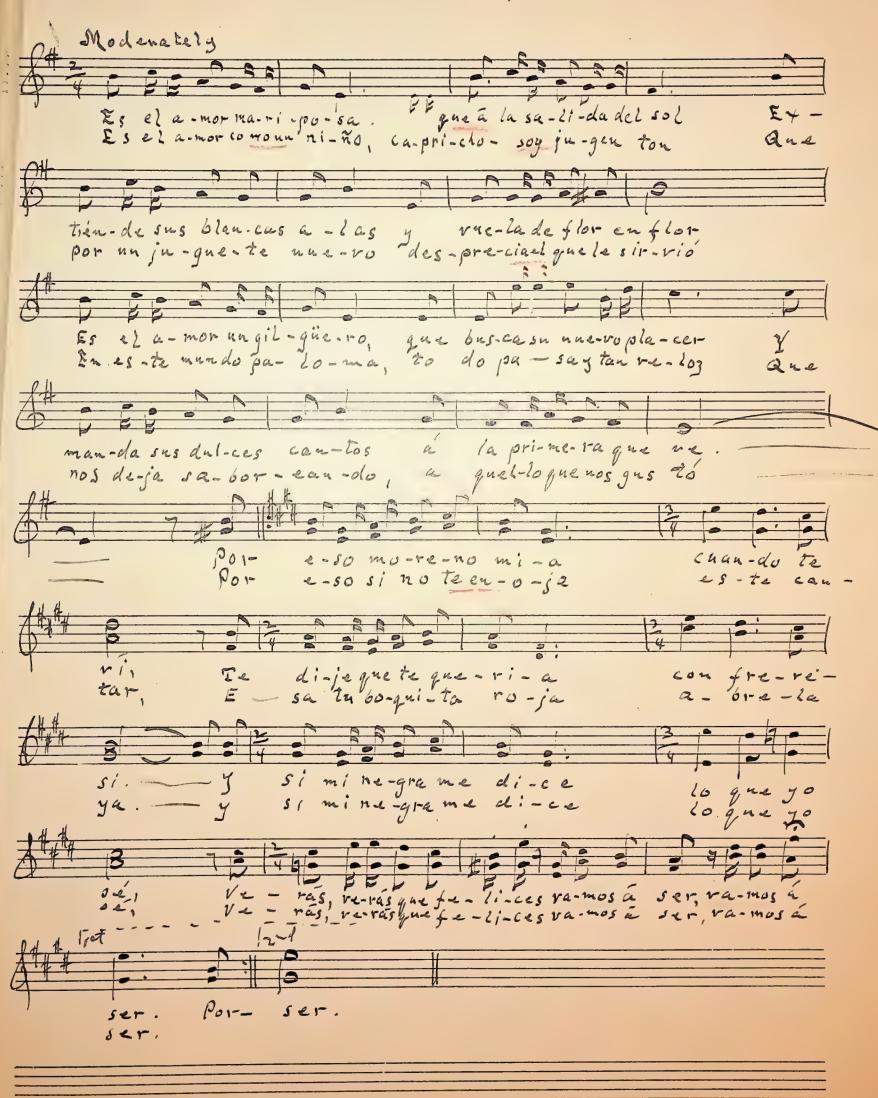
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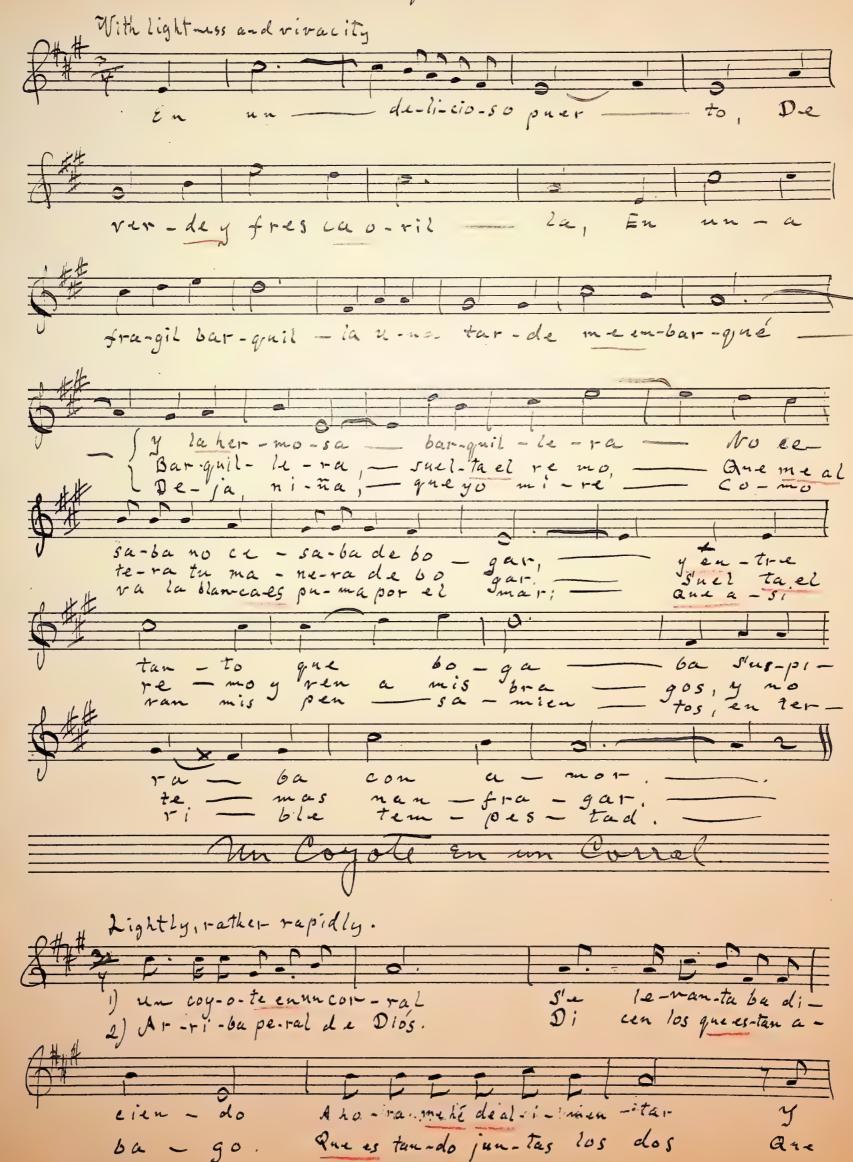


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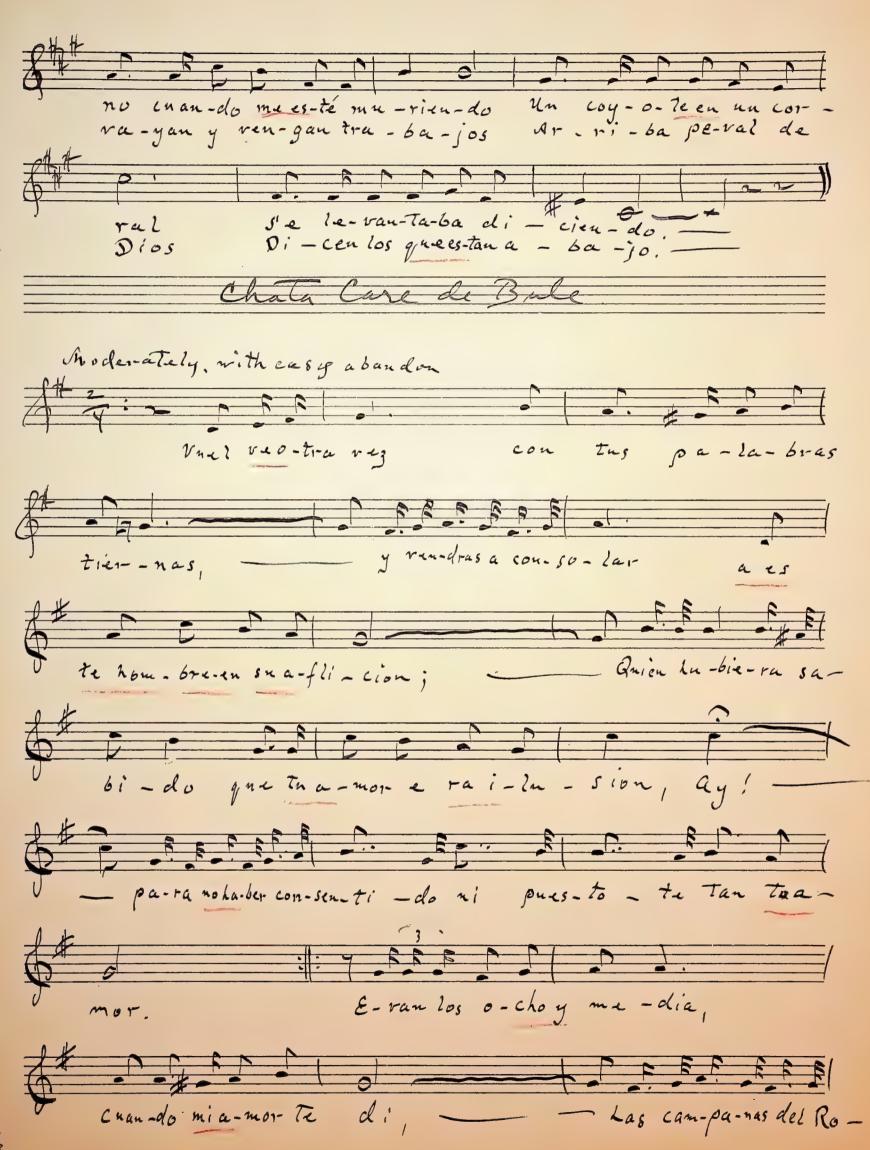




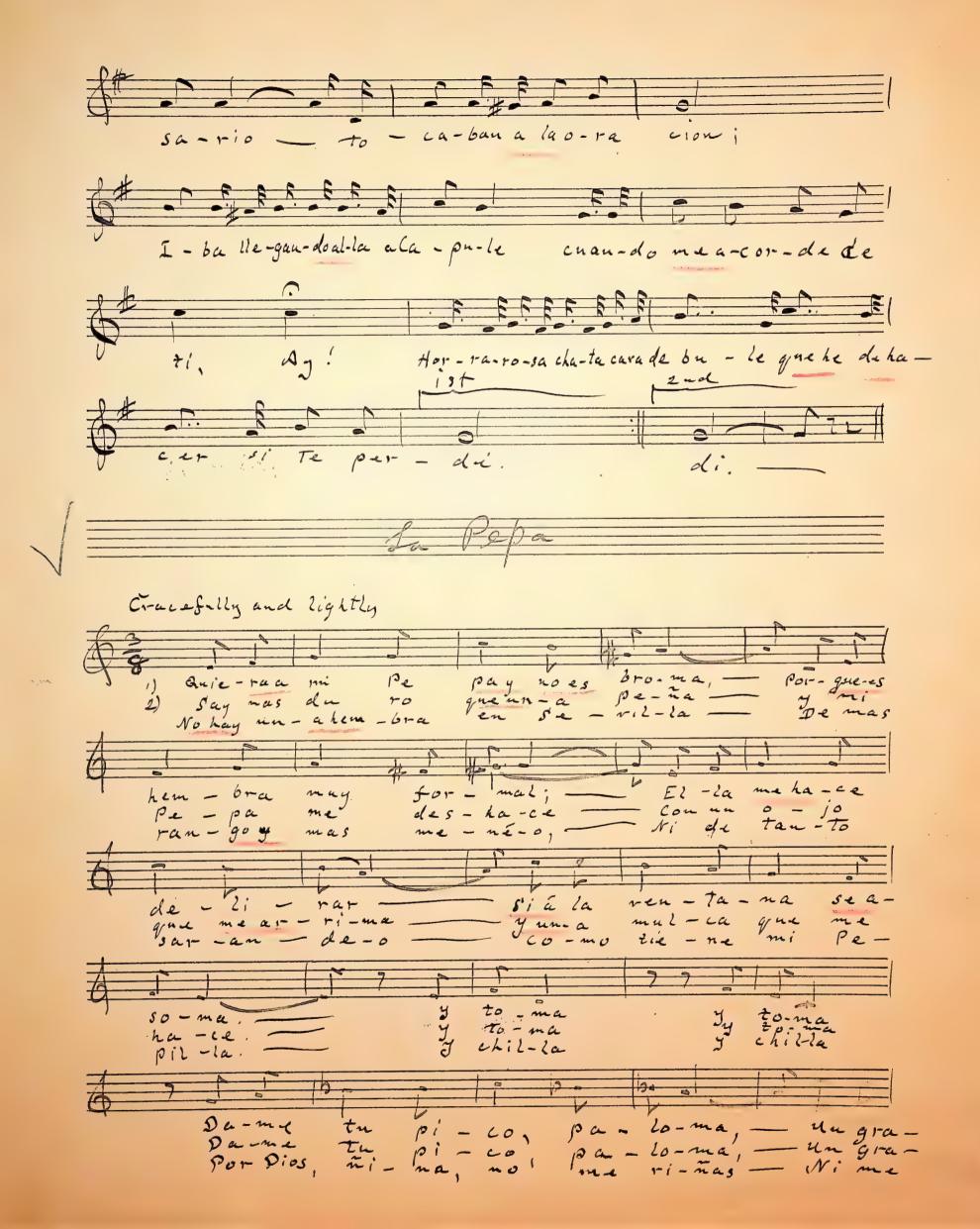
La Darquillera.

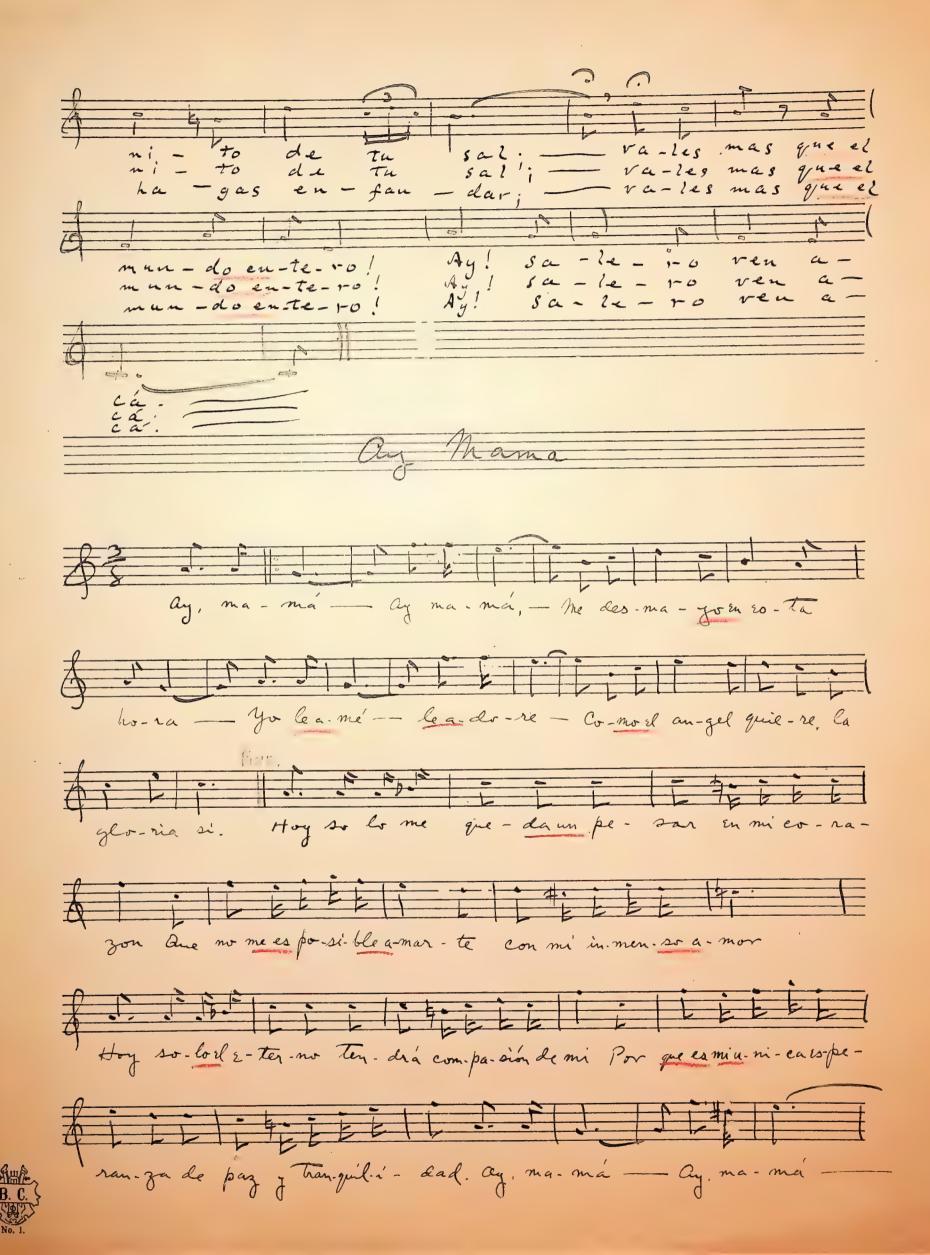


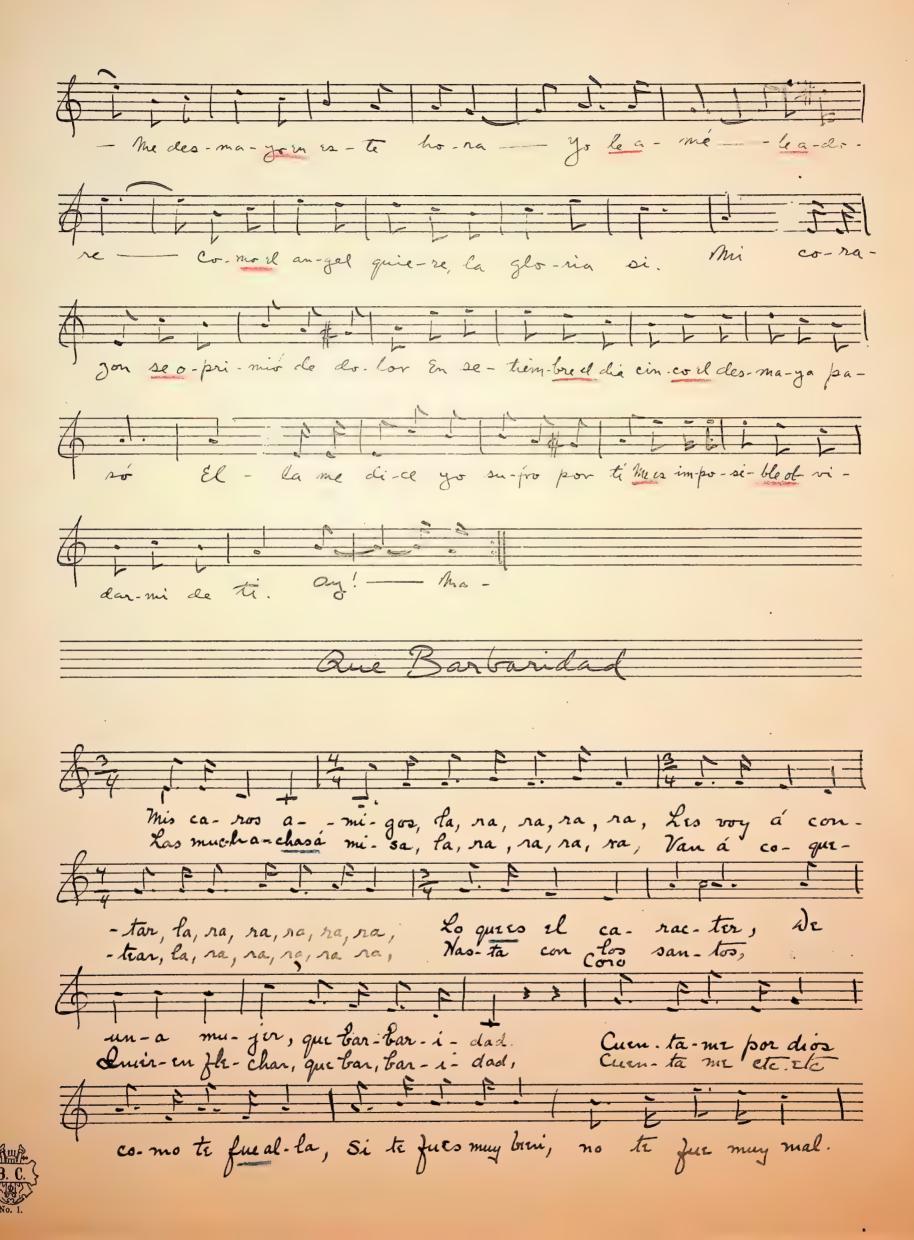
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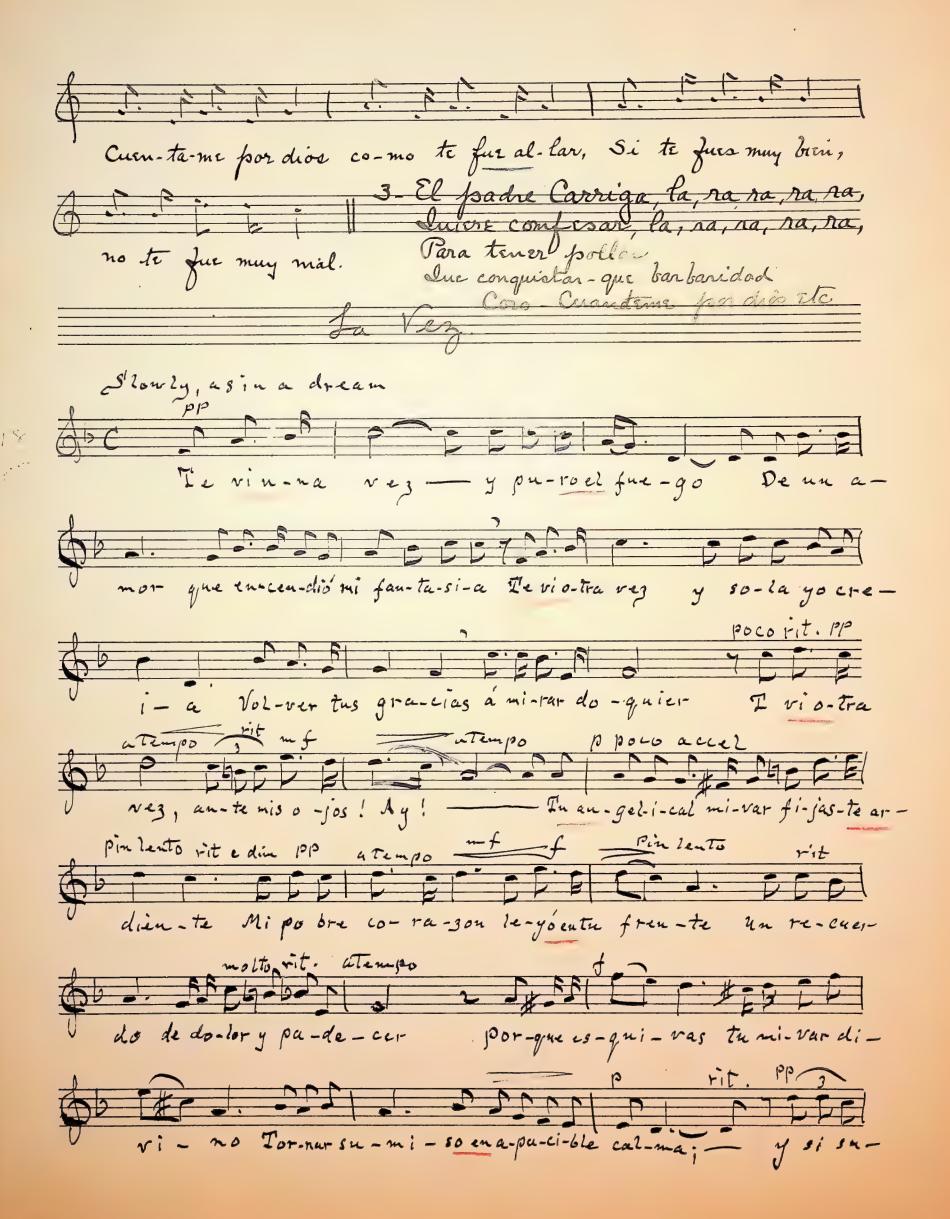


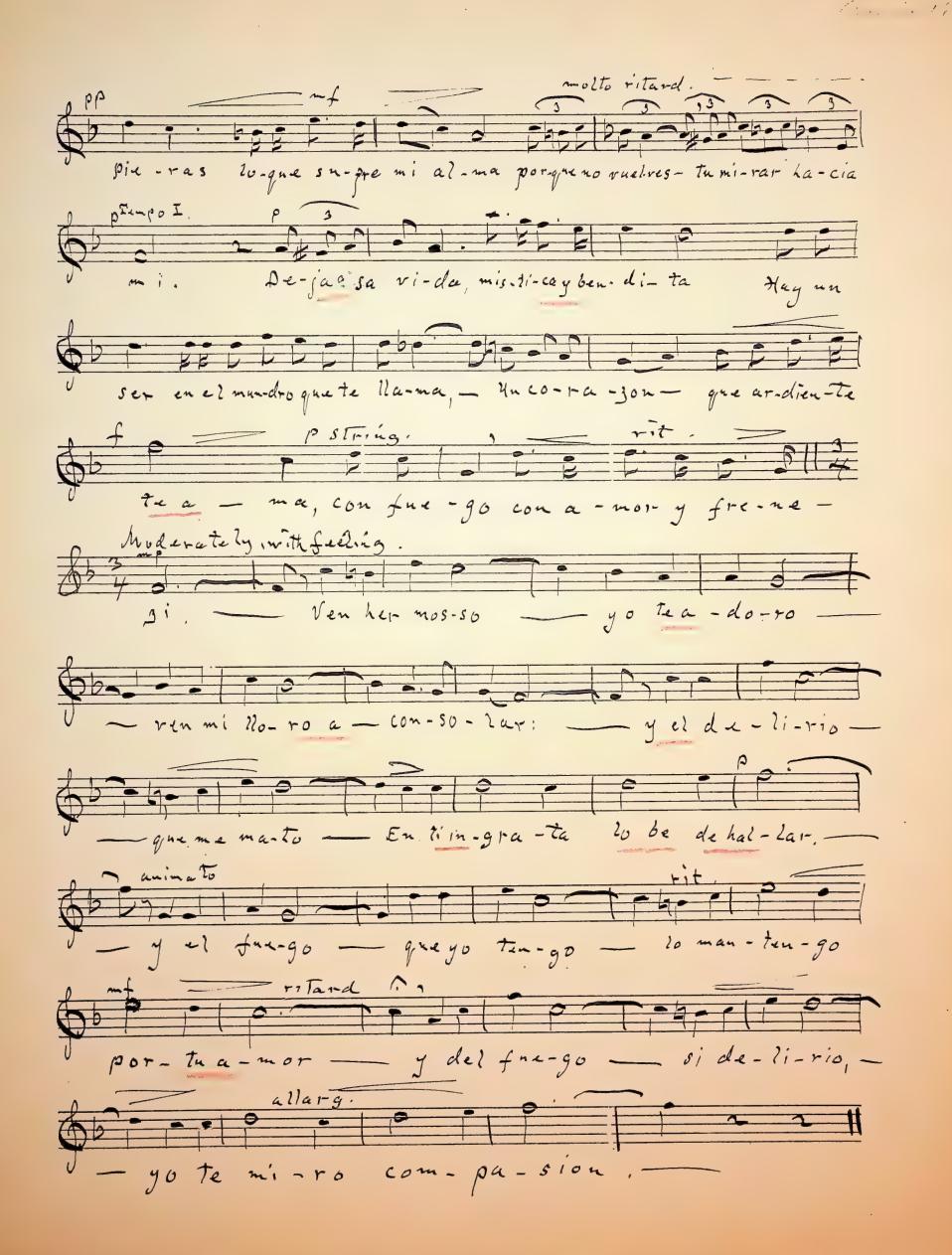
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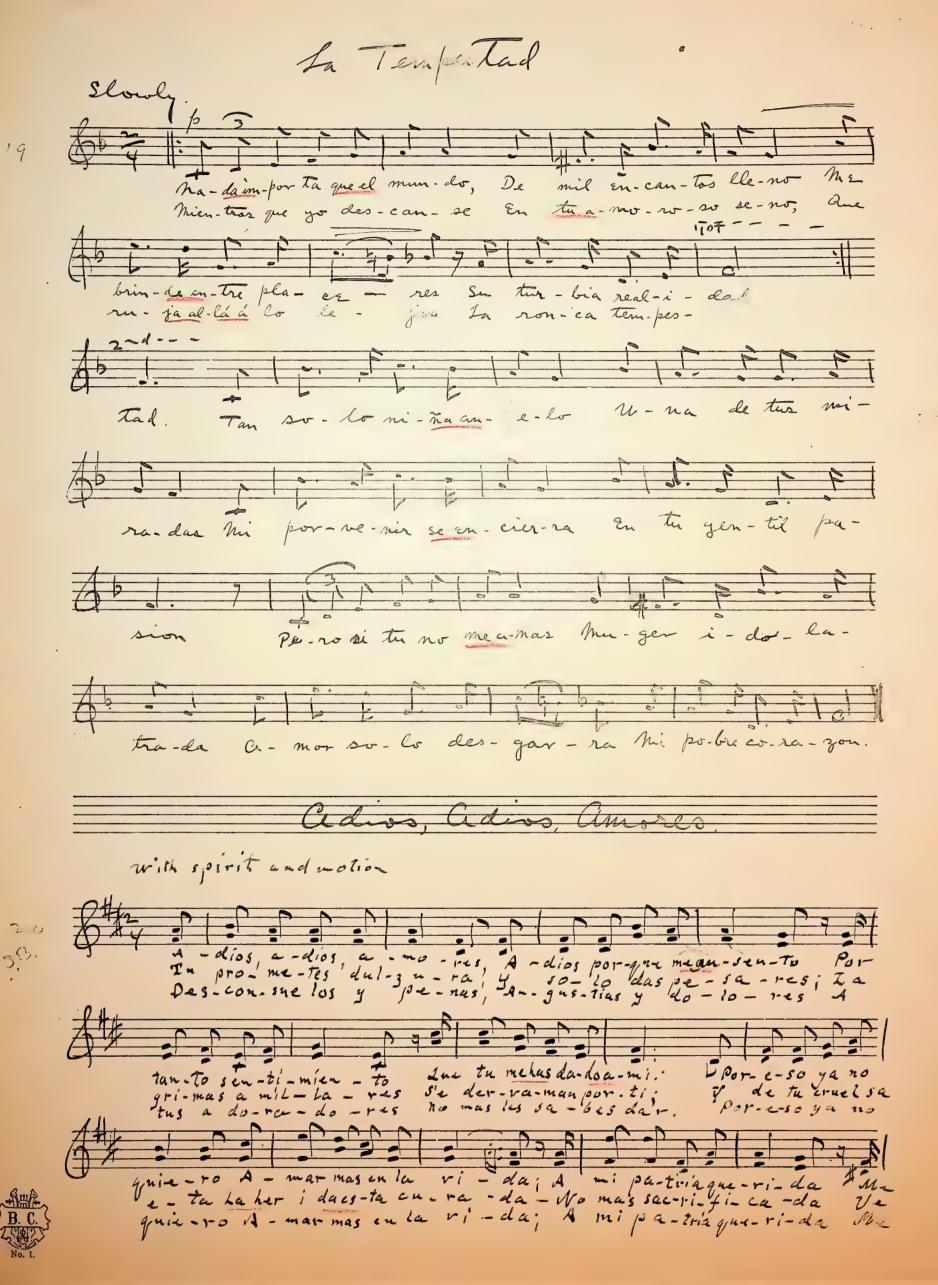


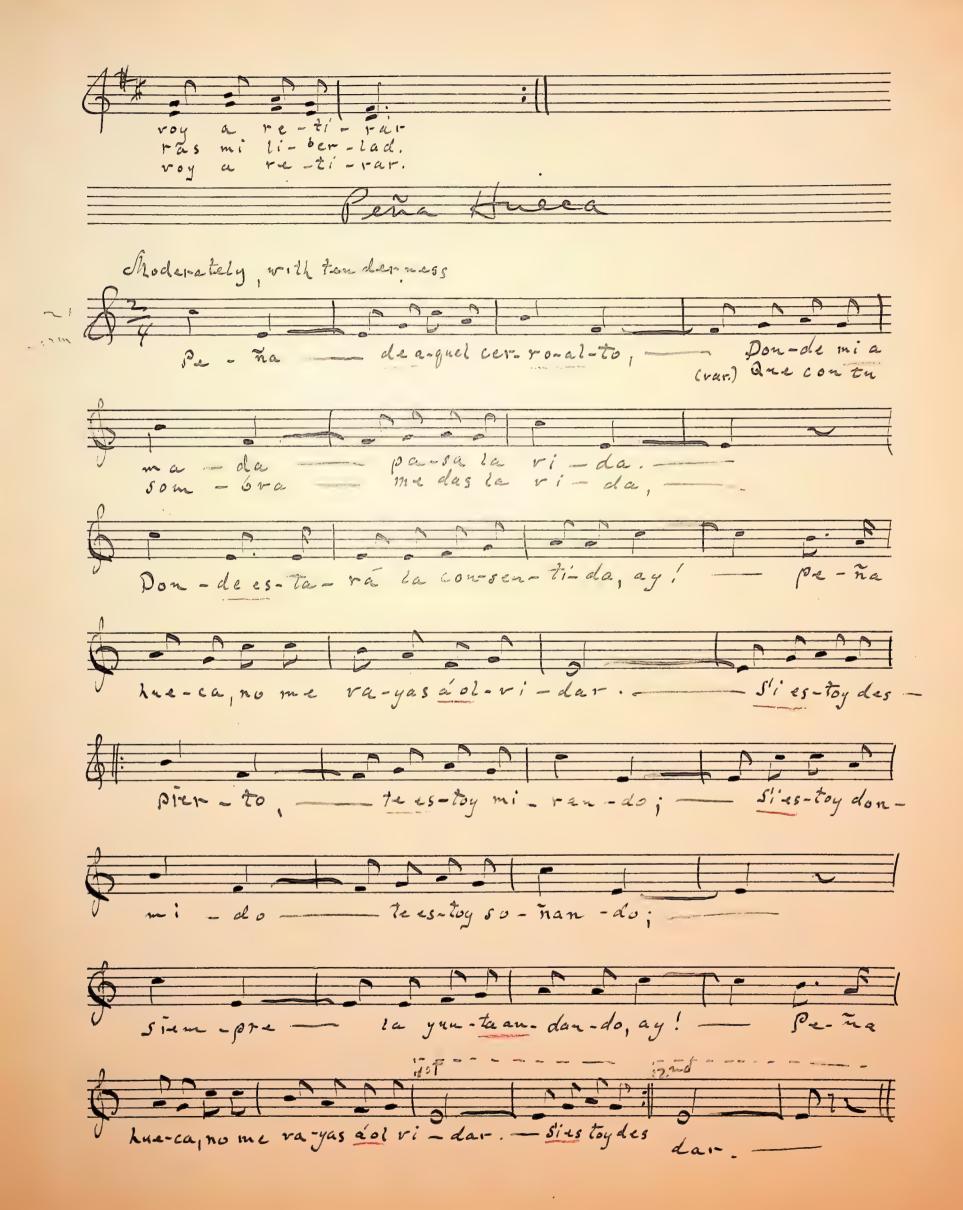












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Por Todas Partes

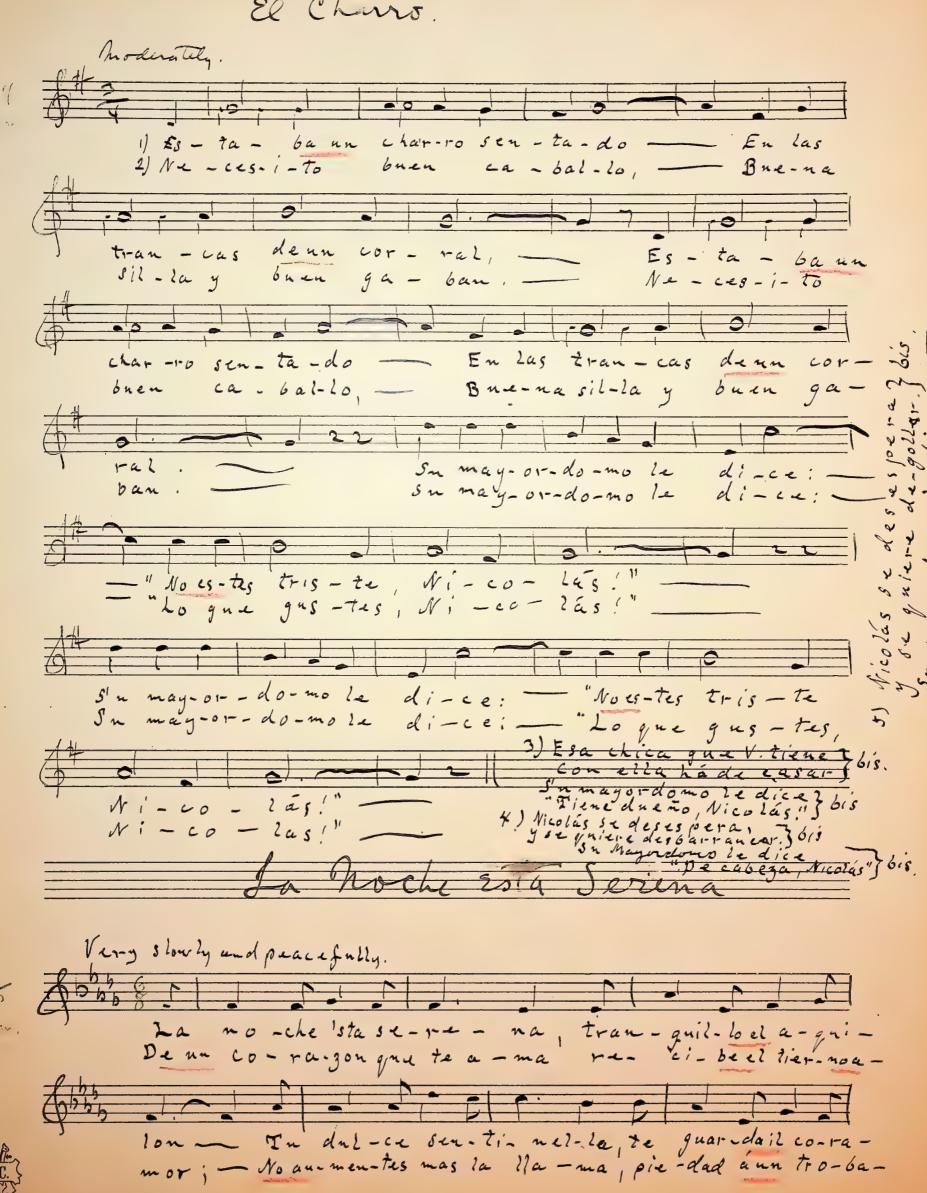




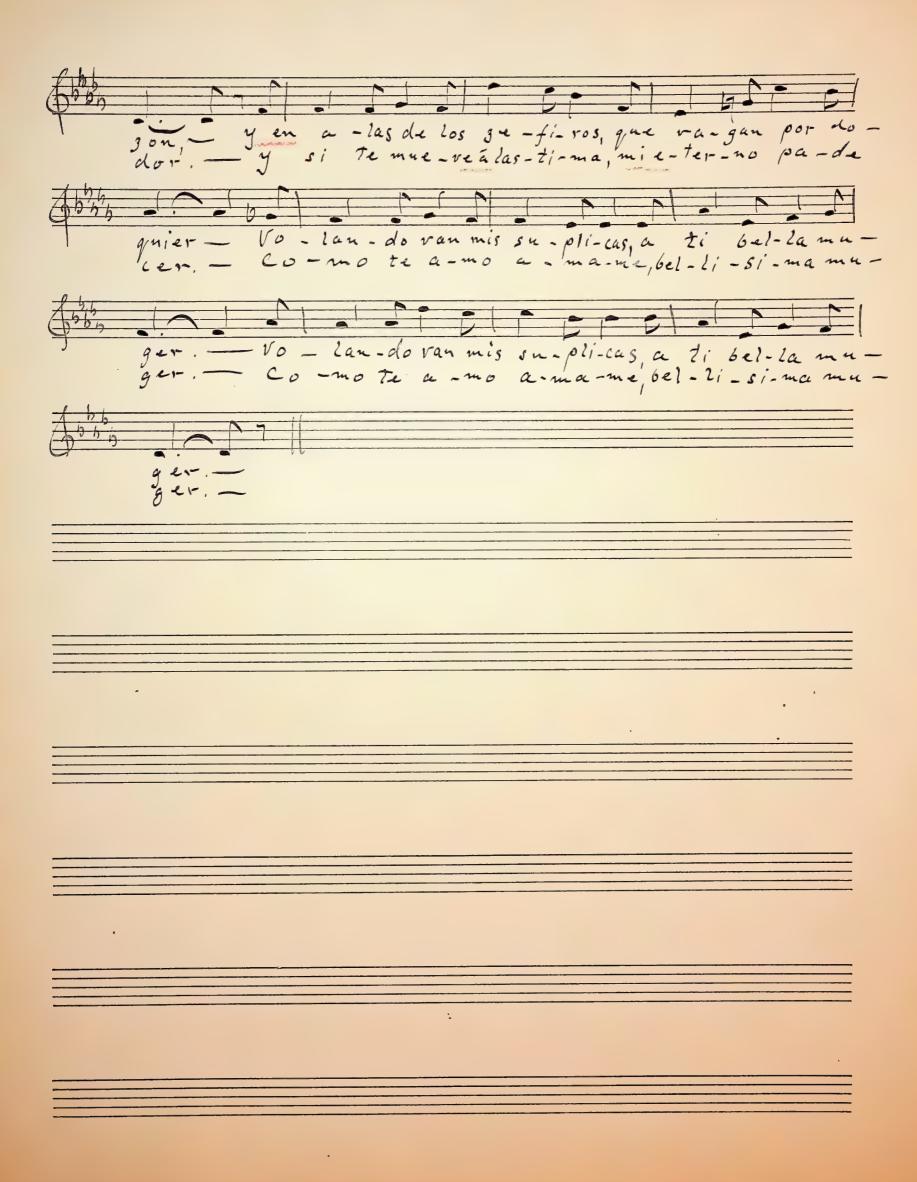
aday in Que me Importa si Tengo a mi madre Quietly, with simplicity ad lib rubato and maim. por - ta si ten- 90 su am - pa ma-dr-e que 270-Ten-goami sin nin-gun ca - ri In me a-mas-te my animato bur-las-te, y bur-las-temiex-is-ten Vubalo pocorit. - cla y á u -na ma-dire que cle - men -110 - 12 por - mi. mas que à tu vi hom - bre a- ma-bai un hom-brey el me de - ei Que si yo lool -vifies- tes que e-res cera ma baaun brey il me de ni Jo Co of - vi - da - ta se mo - vi por-que los ann-que di-gan que Por-que yord-vi de à c mi-a, 2- so no 22 cier - to mi-a. a - man no cor se hom-bre y no mi-a, ay mo-no-ni- na no-no-ni-na e- do no Es eier - to a-man, ur cor-res-pon

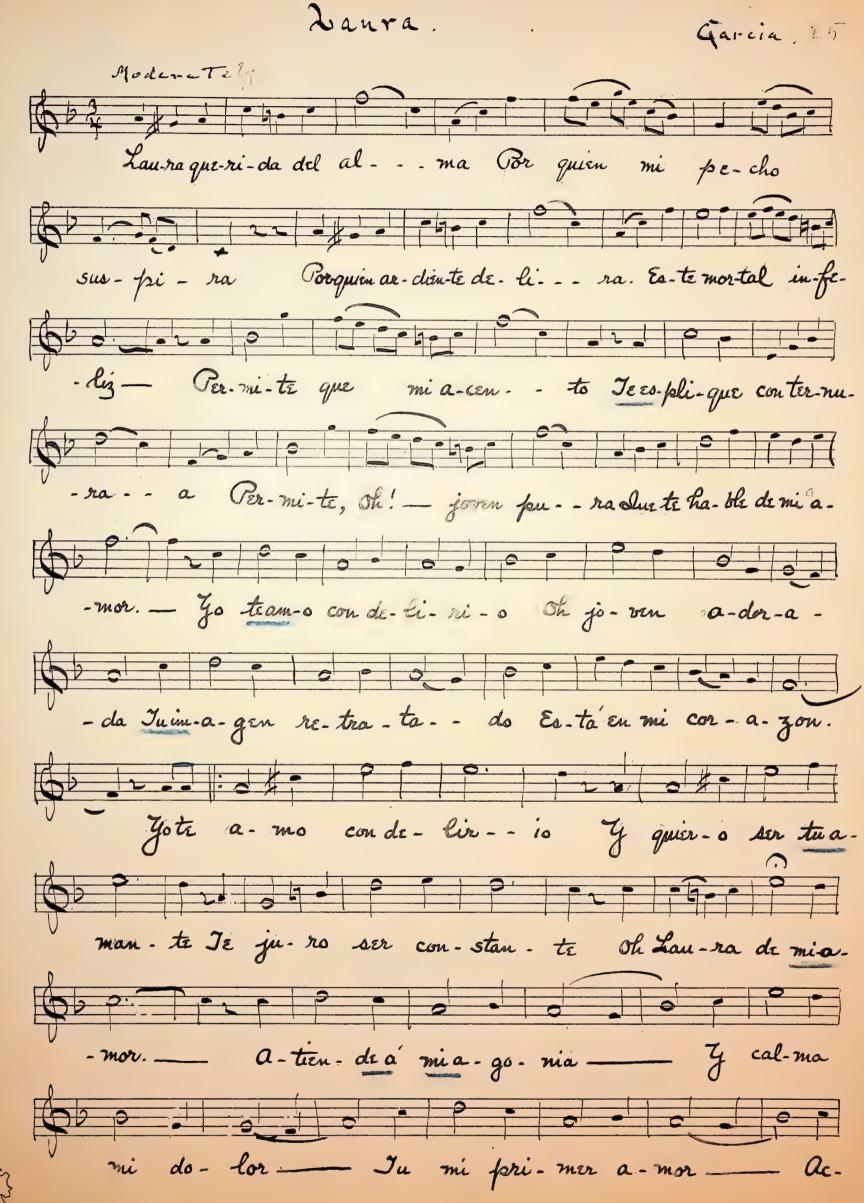


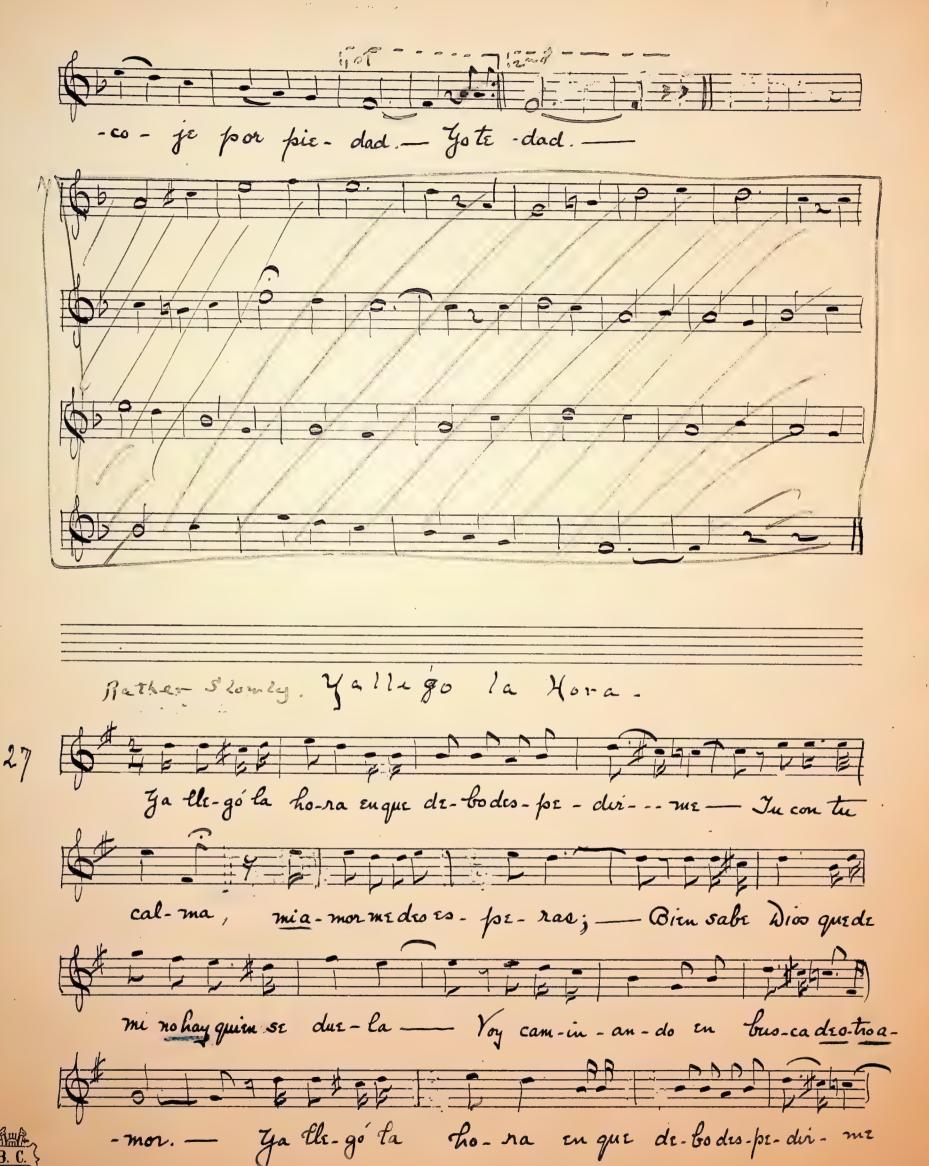
El Churo.



garrina 24





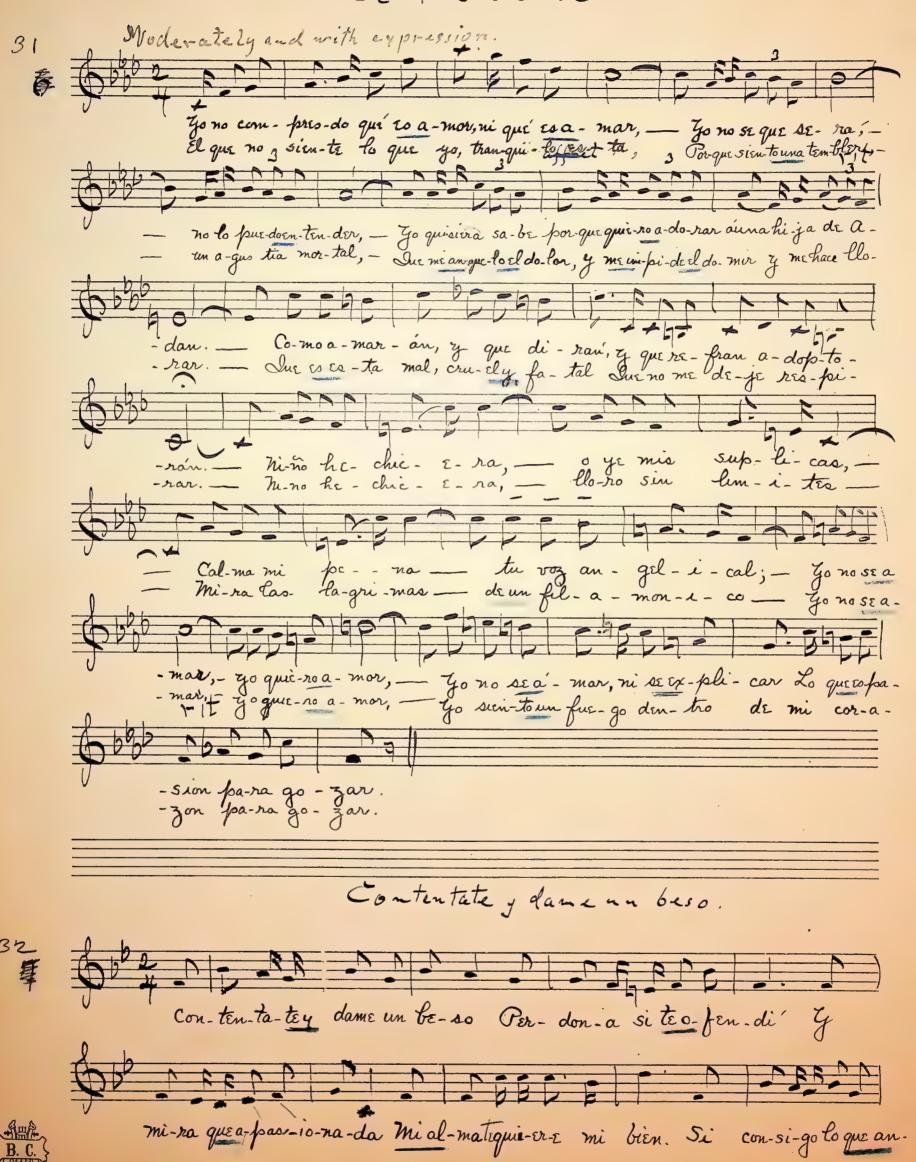


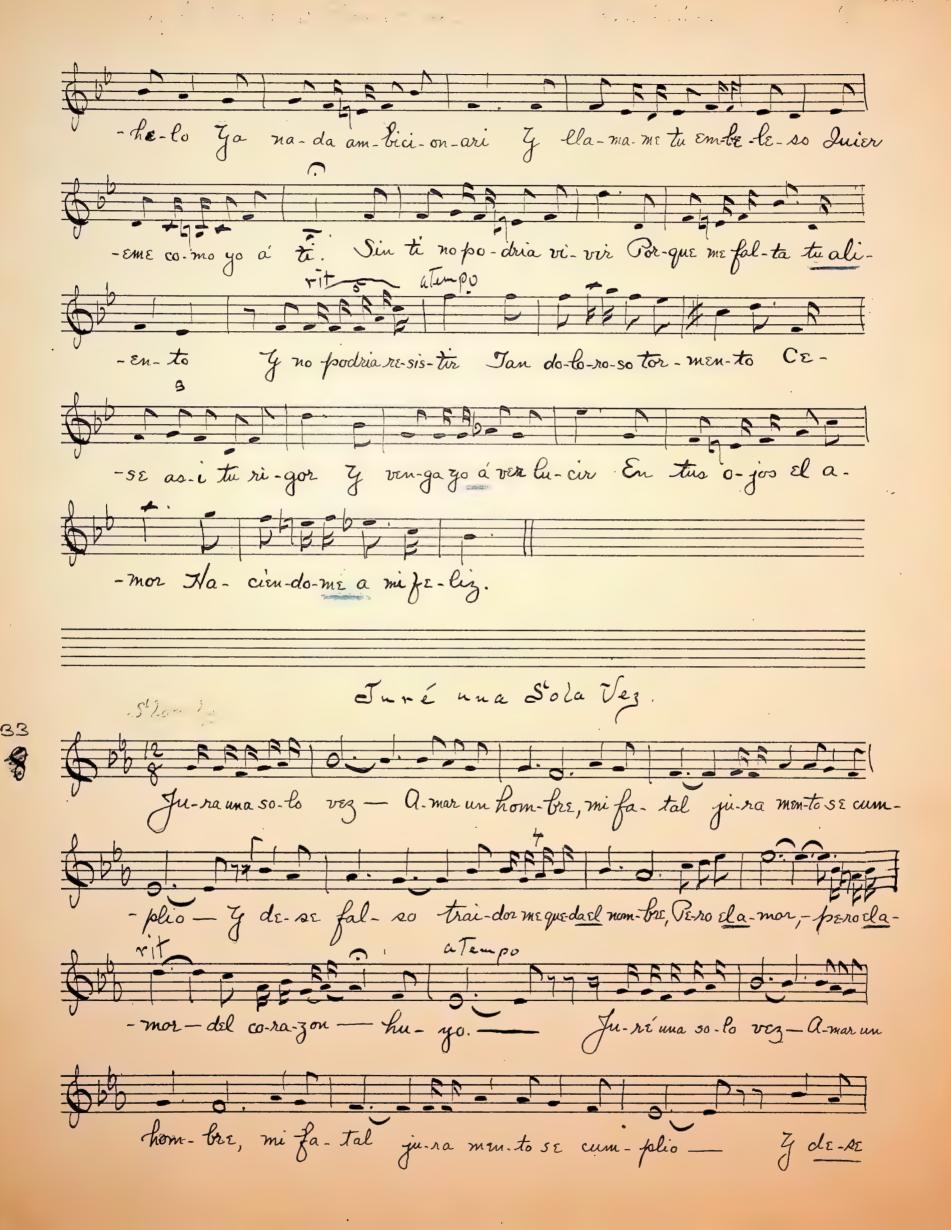
Ju con tu cal-ma, mia-mor me des es- poe-ras; - Brin sa-be Dios que de mi no hay quien se clue - la - Voy cam-in-an-do En bus - ca de o - tro a - mor . _ Jo vi - vo siem-pre en contin- no de--li-rio - Pe-ci-bien-do des-pere-ci-os cuantos quier-a; -Bien sa-be Dios que de mi nohay que se due - la, - Voy cam-in-- an- do en buo- ca de o-tro a - mor. ___ Jo vi-vo - mor._

I al.

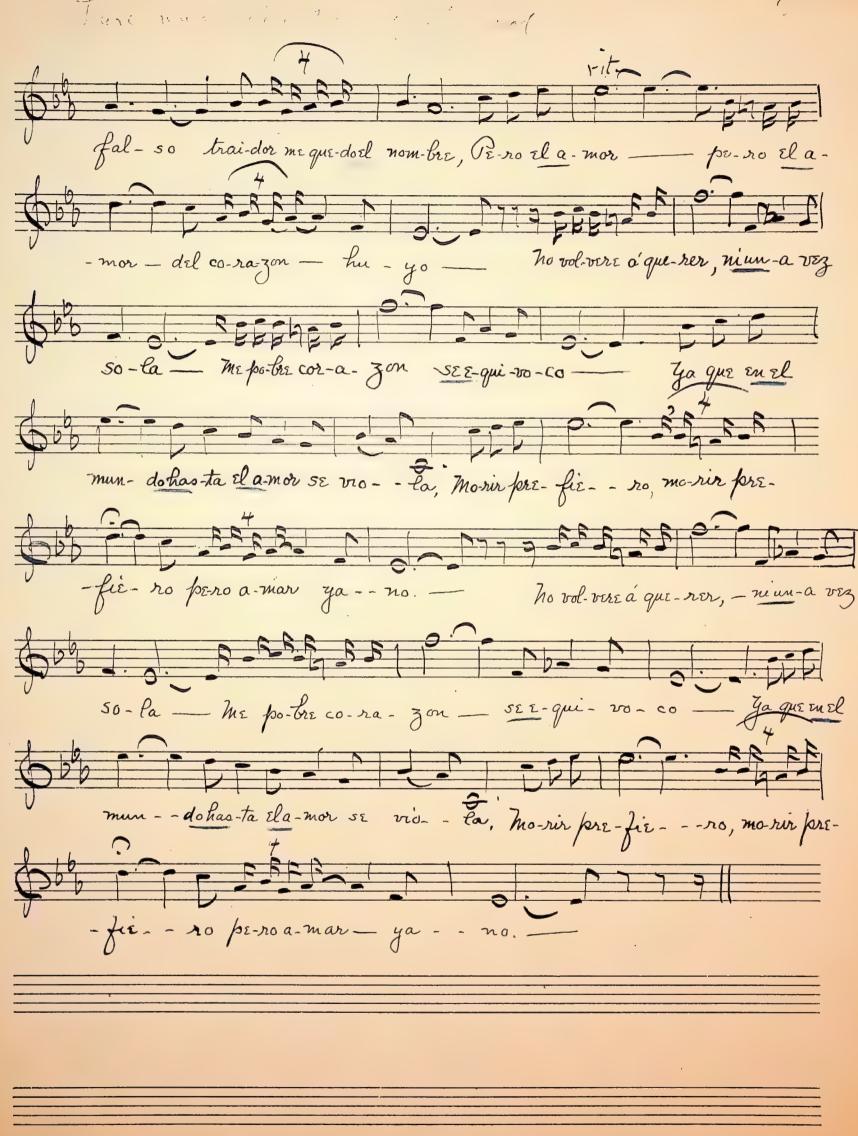
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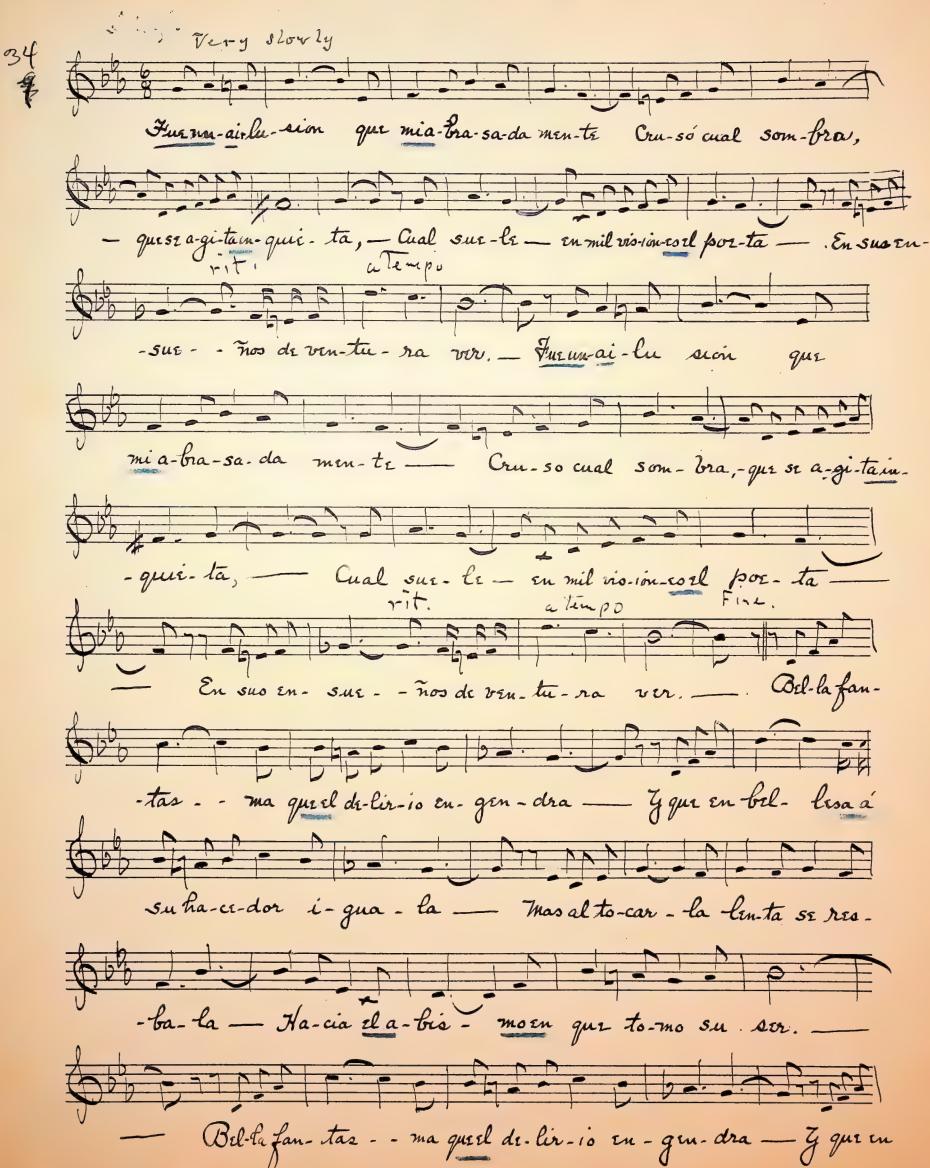




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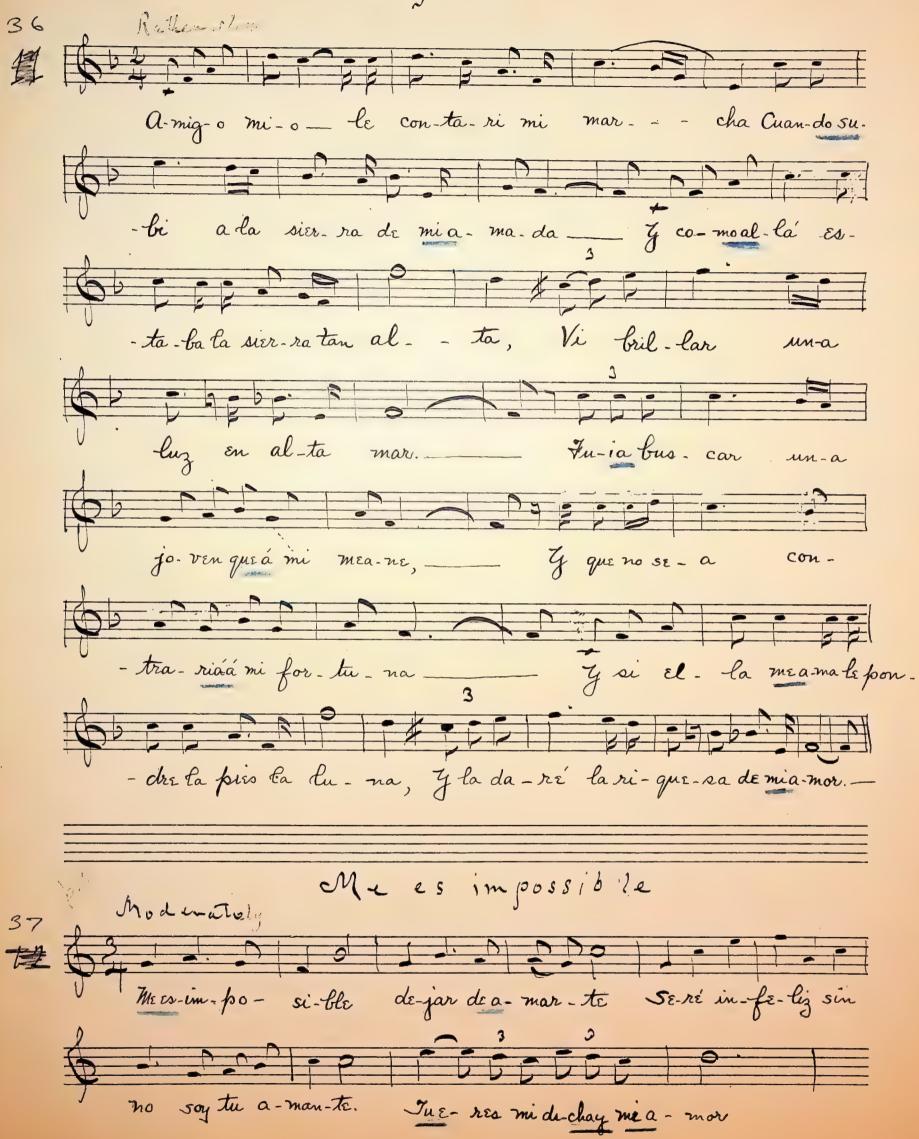


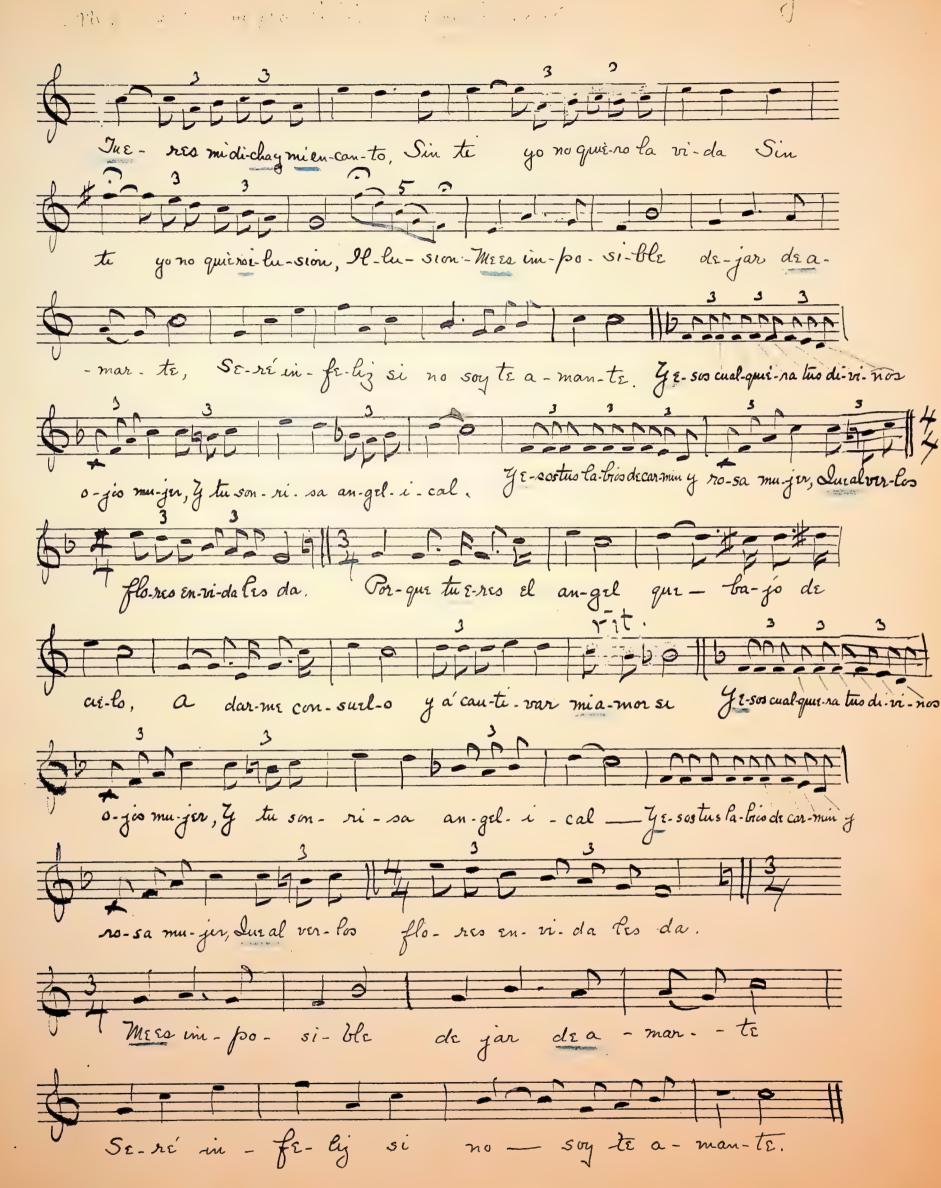




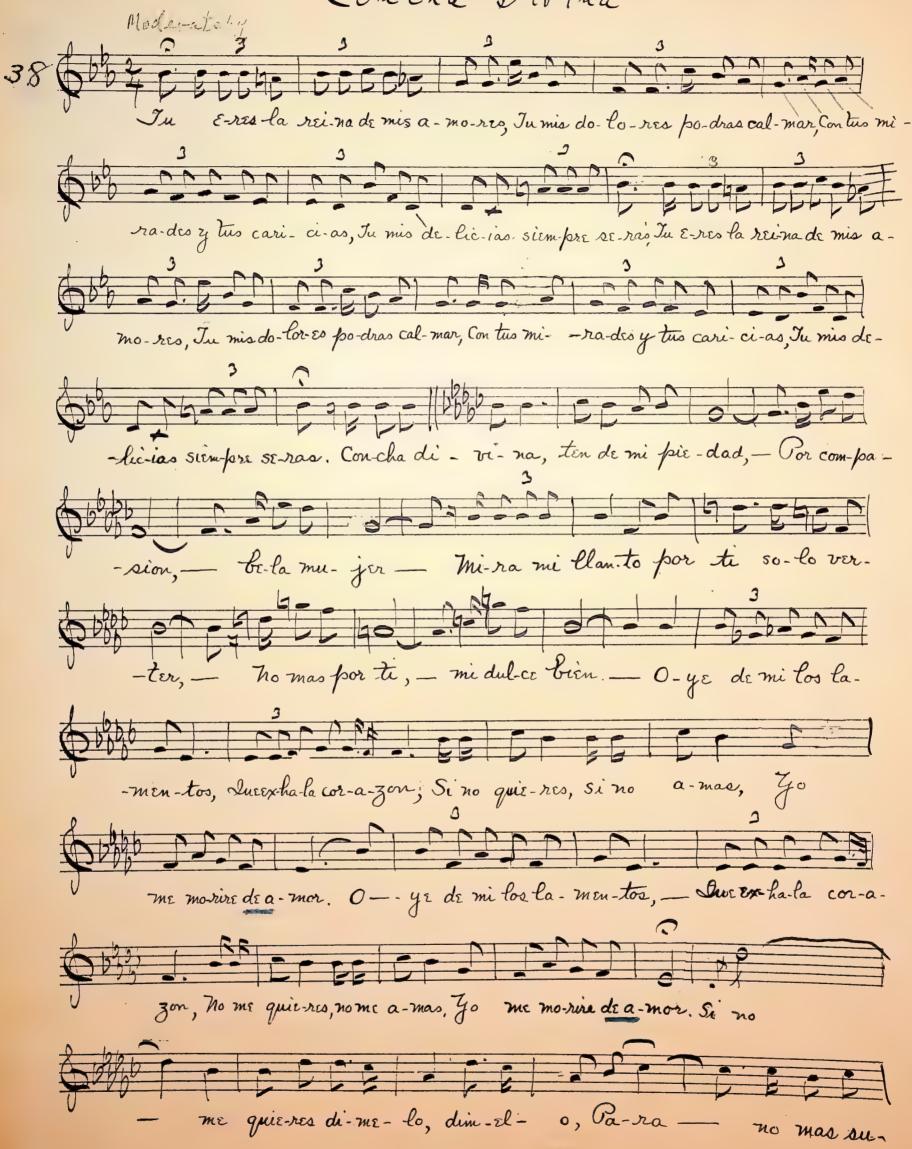
bel-les-a'a su ha-ce-dor i - qua-la - mas al to-car-la D.C Pen-ta se res-ba-la — Na-cia ela-bis-moen que to-mo su ser. — Yogniero un Besito. Moderately with area 35 24 FOR PARTINE STATE OF THE STA Ven a mi la-do - Cel-la cria-tu-ra - Ju pe-cho ardiente, ten frente pura re-cliva en mi - Si, con mis la-bros - ni-na hec-hice-ra - Jus la-bios ro-jos be-sar pu--di-er-a se-ria fe-lig. — Jo que-ro un be-si-to de tuo la-bico ro-jes Con tuo lin-dos O-jos mi-ra-me por Dios, — Luic-ro con tem plante langui-da en mis Brazos, En ar-dien-tea la-zos jun-ta los dos. _ Luis-ro de tus ps-cho con-tar los la-ti-dos Las man-os uni- das los la-bios tam-bien — Luis-ro otro be-si-to — quie-ro mas cari--ci-as - BE-same o-tra veg

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Concha Divina



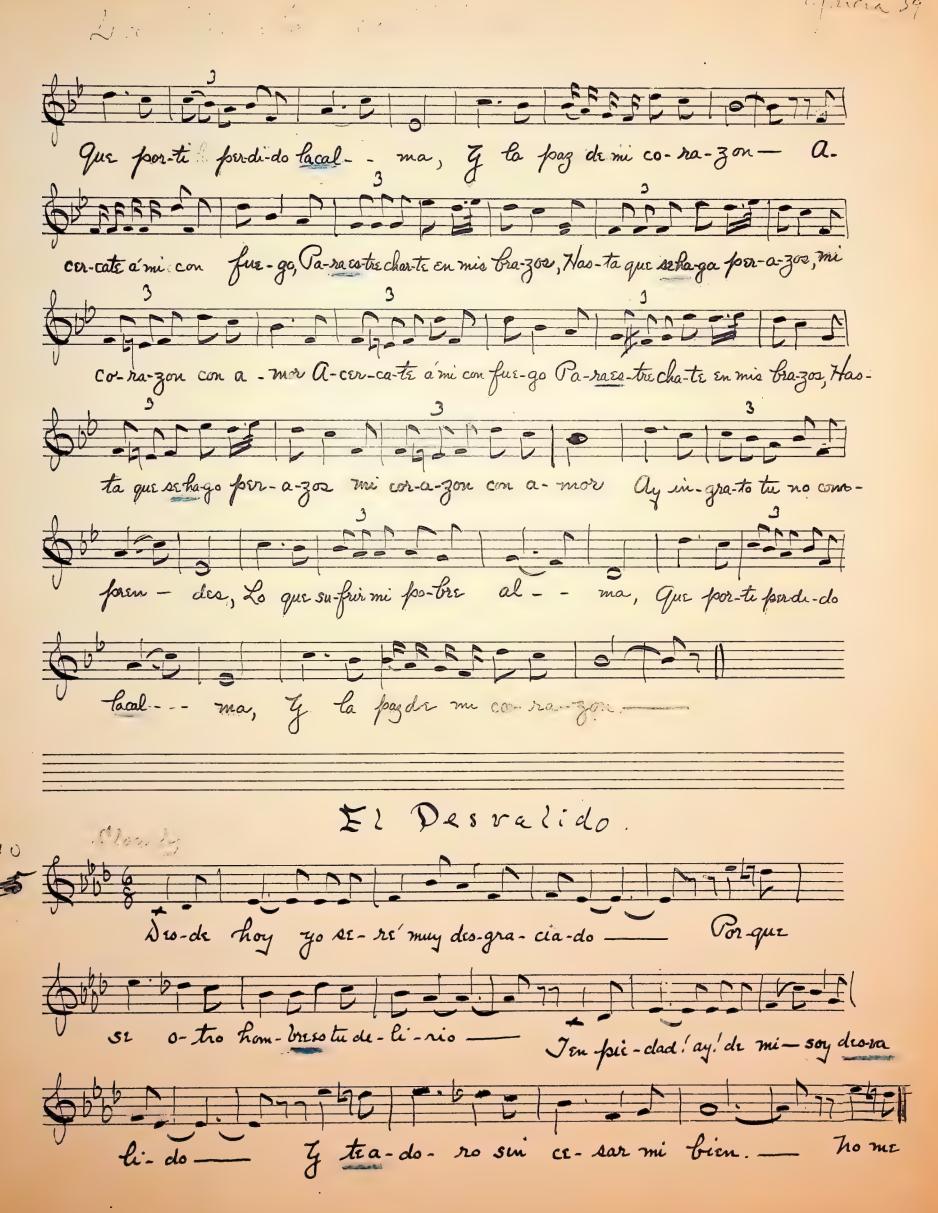
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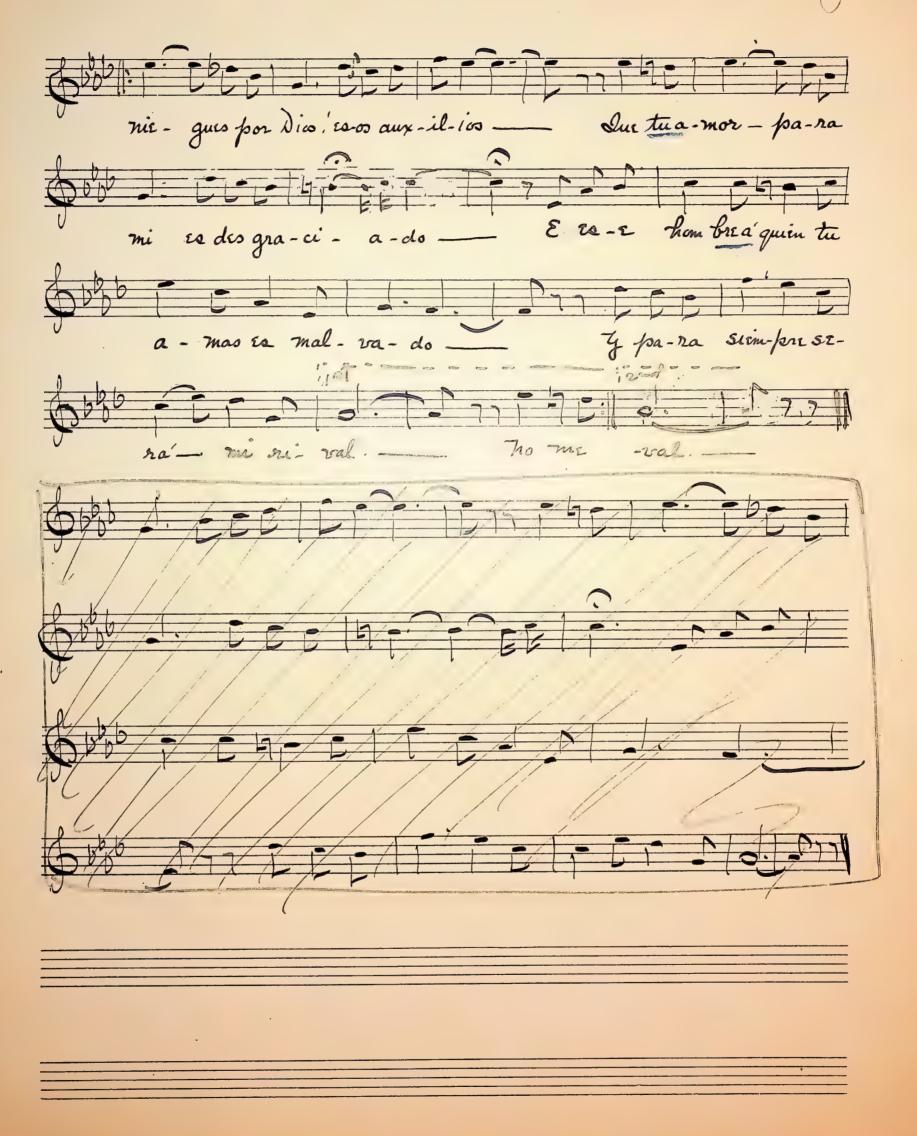
Contra Direction opening -frir no mas por ti, no mas si, si, — Si no mea-mor

rit

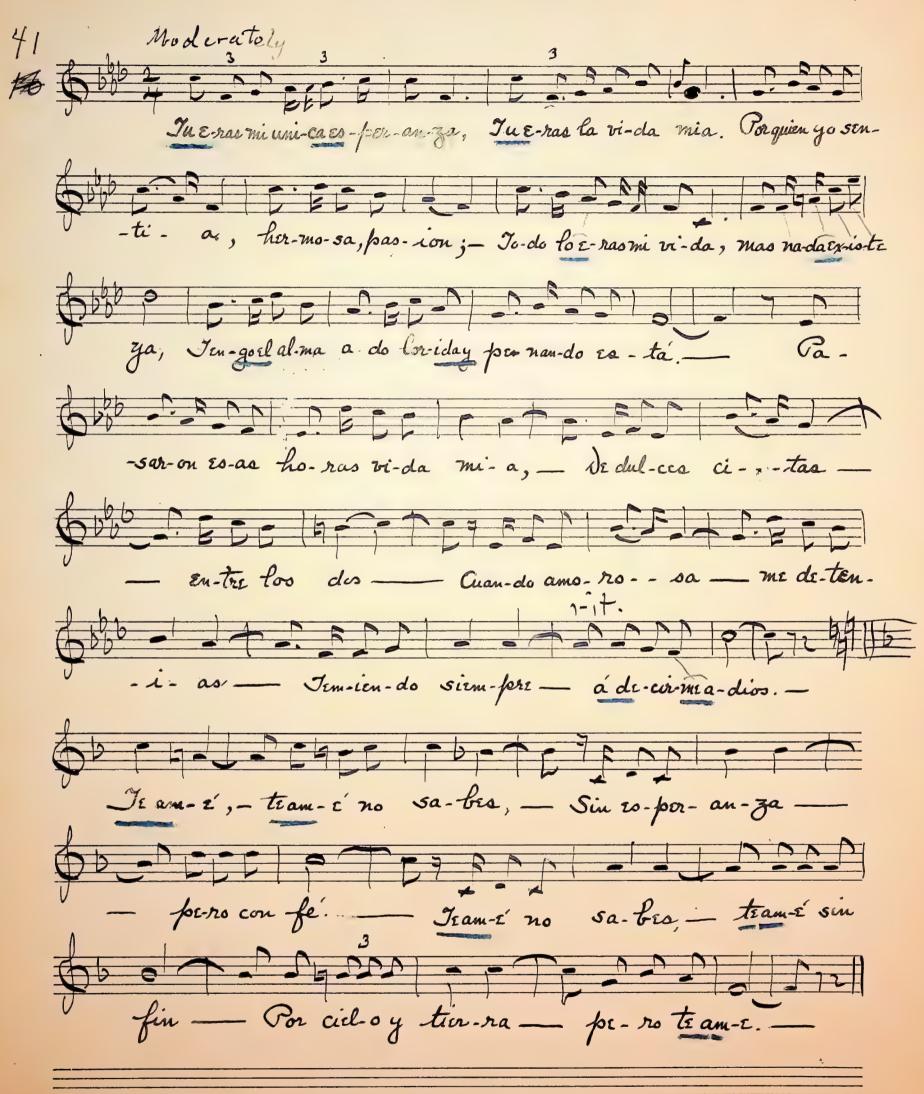
Siempre te hé de quer-er, y te doy — Es-te be-so de a-mor. — - si no - me quie-res di-me-lo, di-me-lo, Pa-ra - no mas su-- frir, no mas por te, ho mas si, si, ___ Si no me a - mor — Simpre te he de quer-er, y te doy — Ea-te be- so de a- mor. — Da Chinita Ja mi chi - ni - ta ____ SI E-no - jo ___ Porque no hau trai-do _ — El dia-rio peron-to — Nas-ta las vie-jas — la han hicho tan-to — - Nas-tu las vie-jas val-ga-me Dios es-nor que haré. _ Ay ingra-ta tu no com-pren - - des Lo que sufrir mipobre al - ma,

1.1. main 39

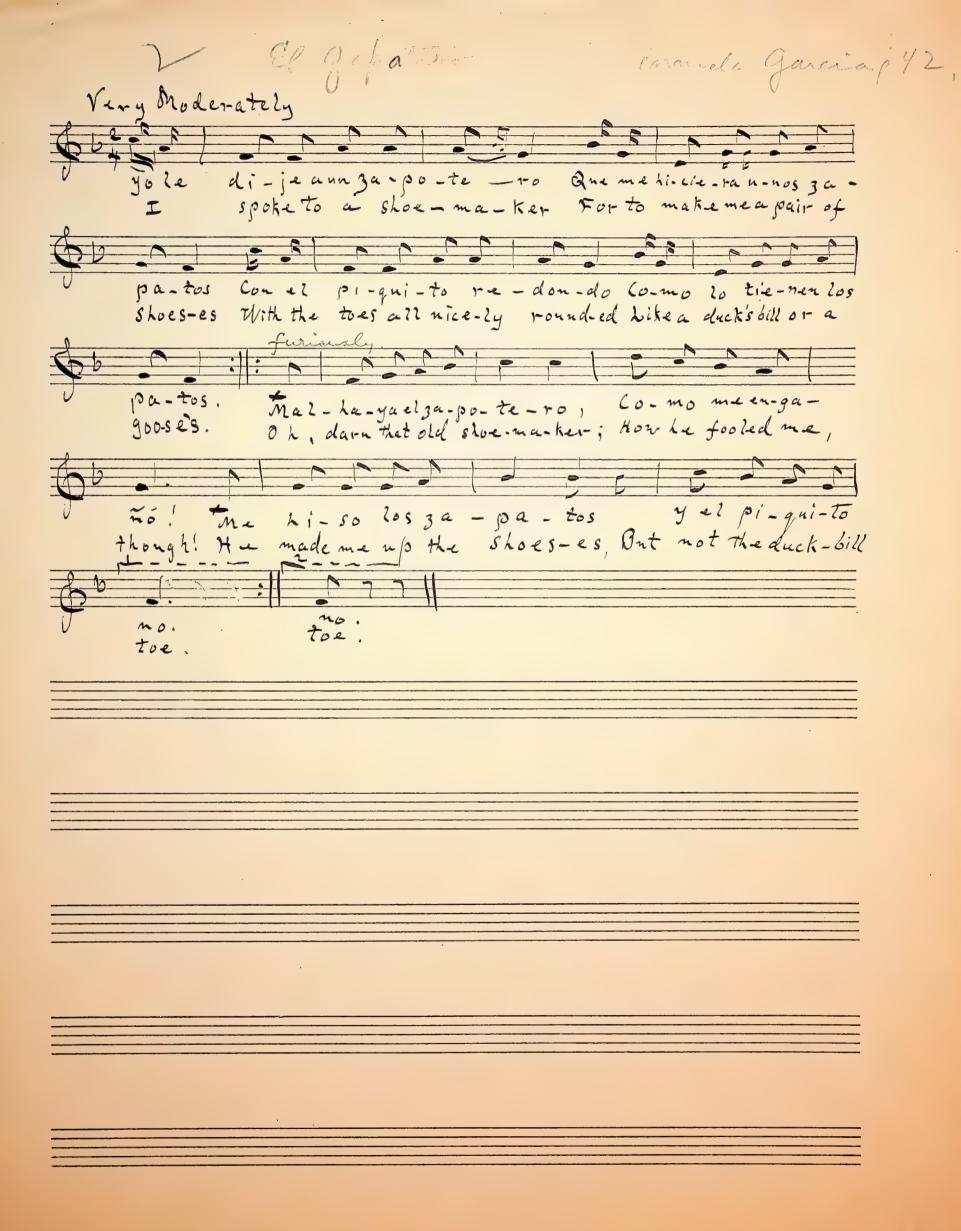


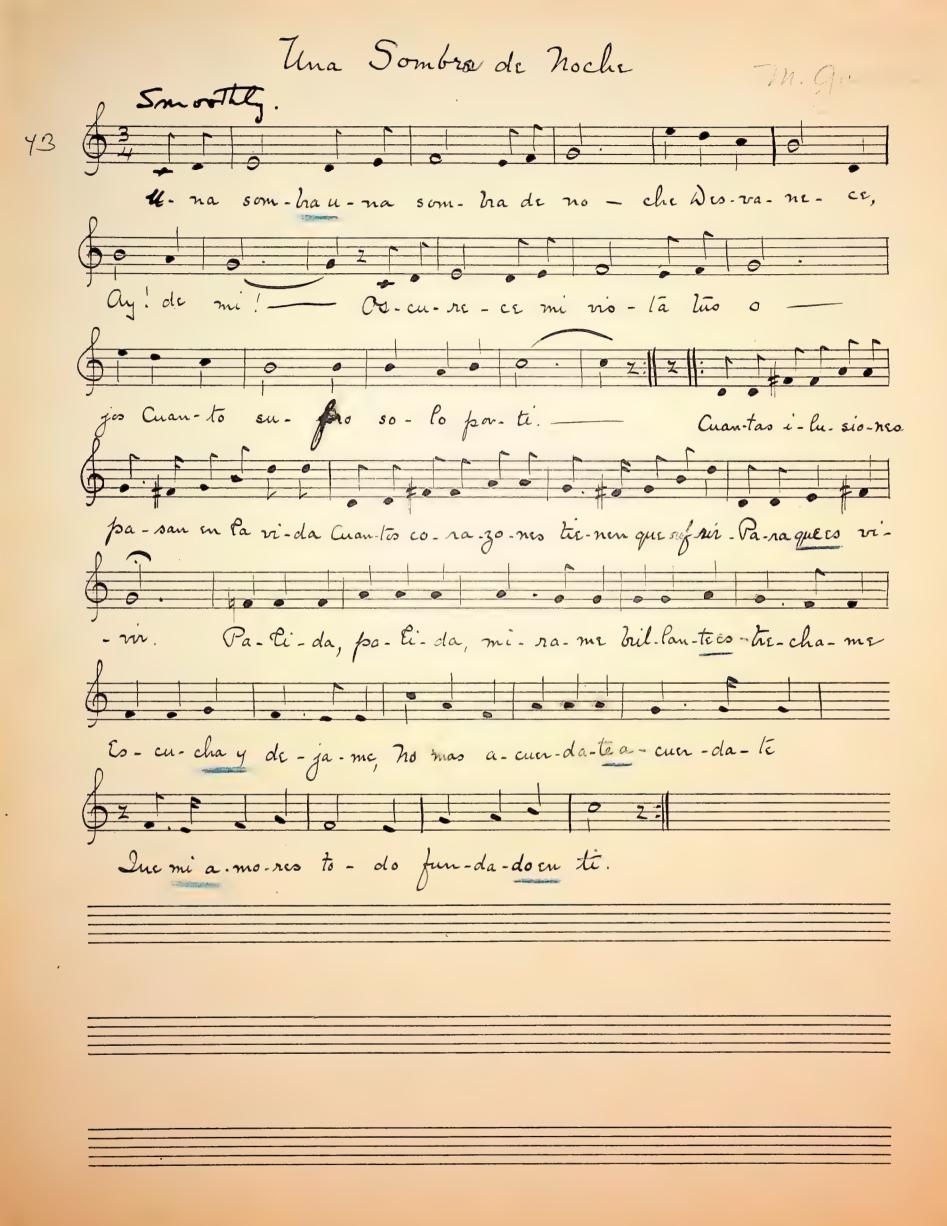


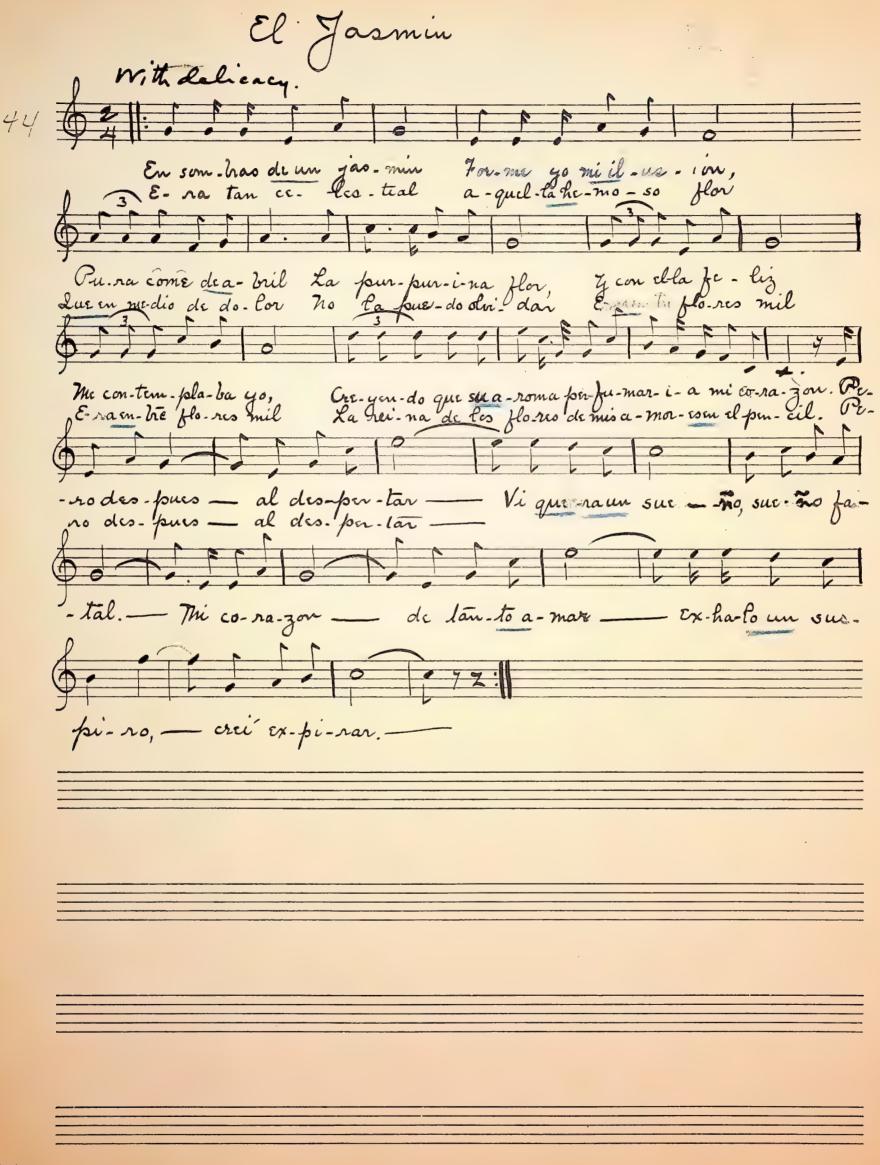
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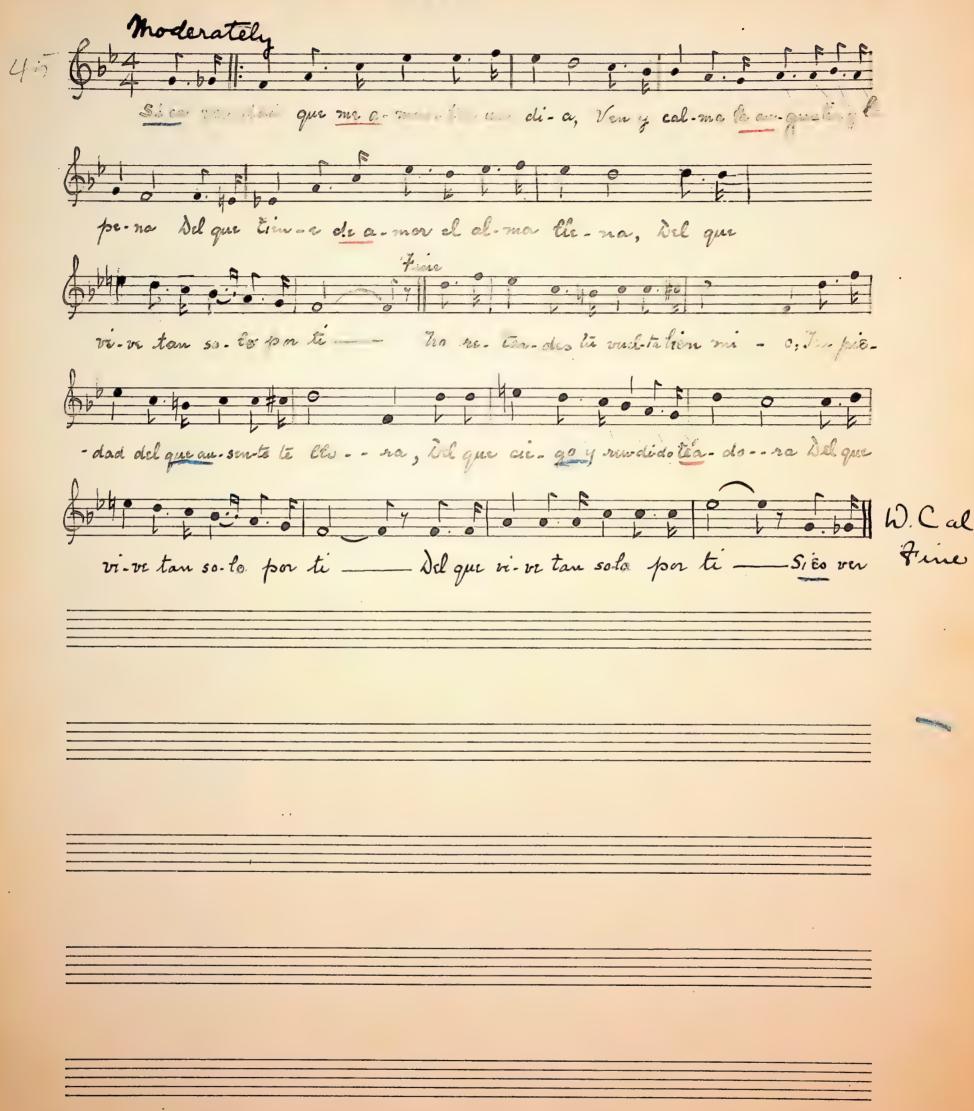


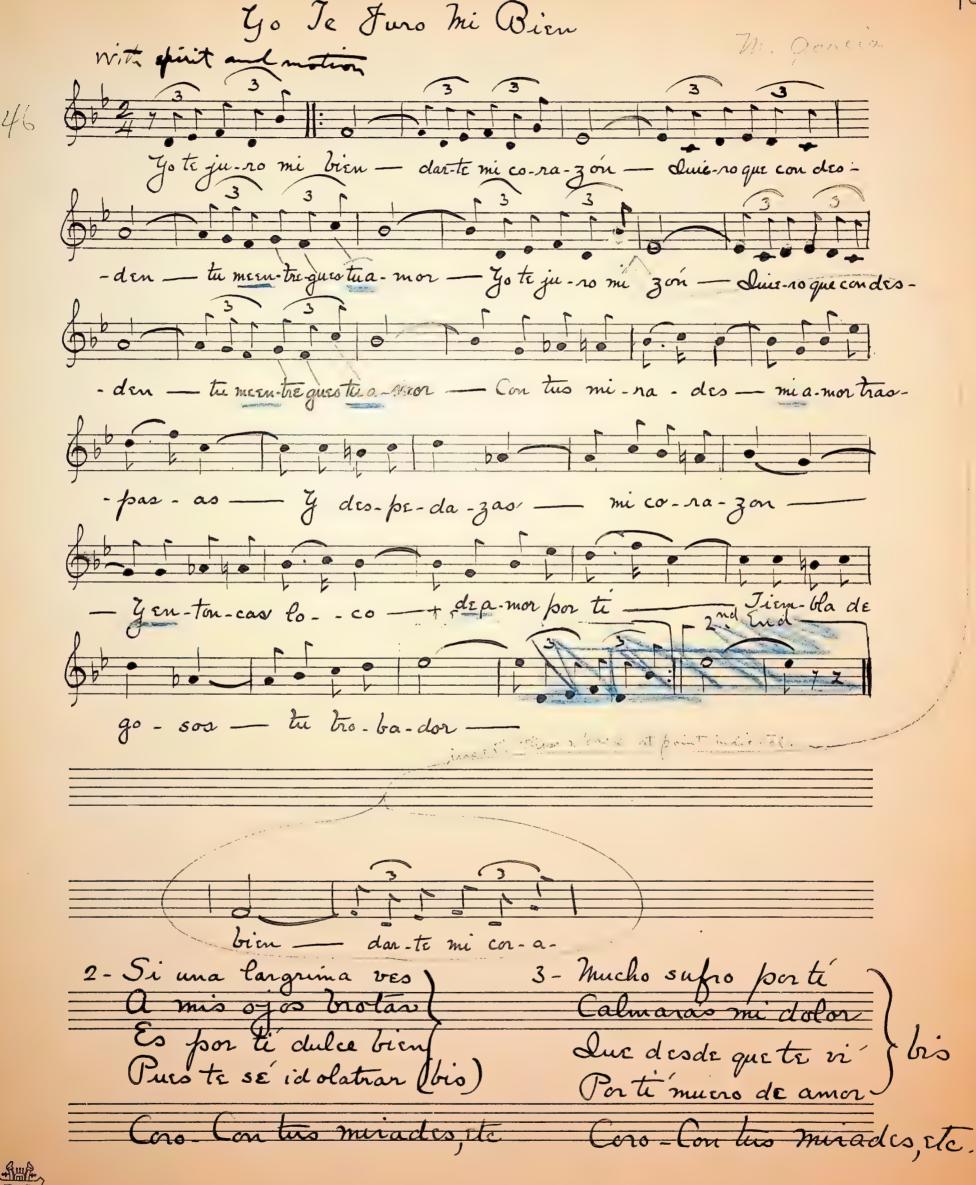


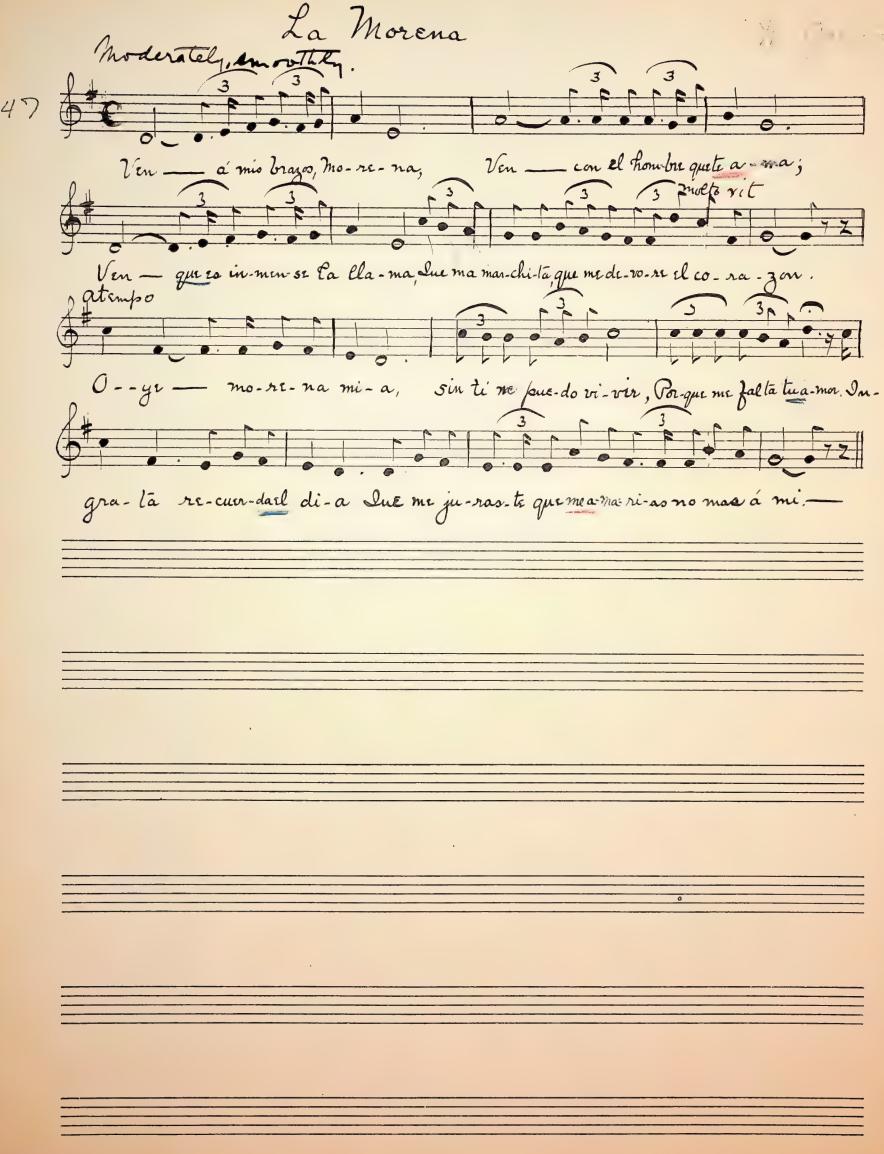




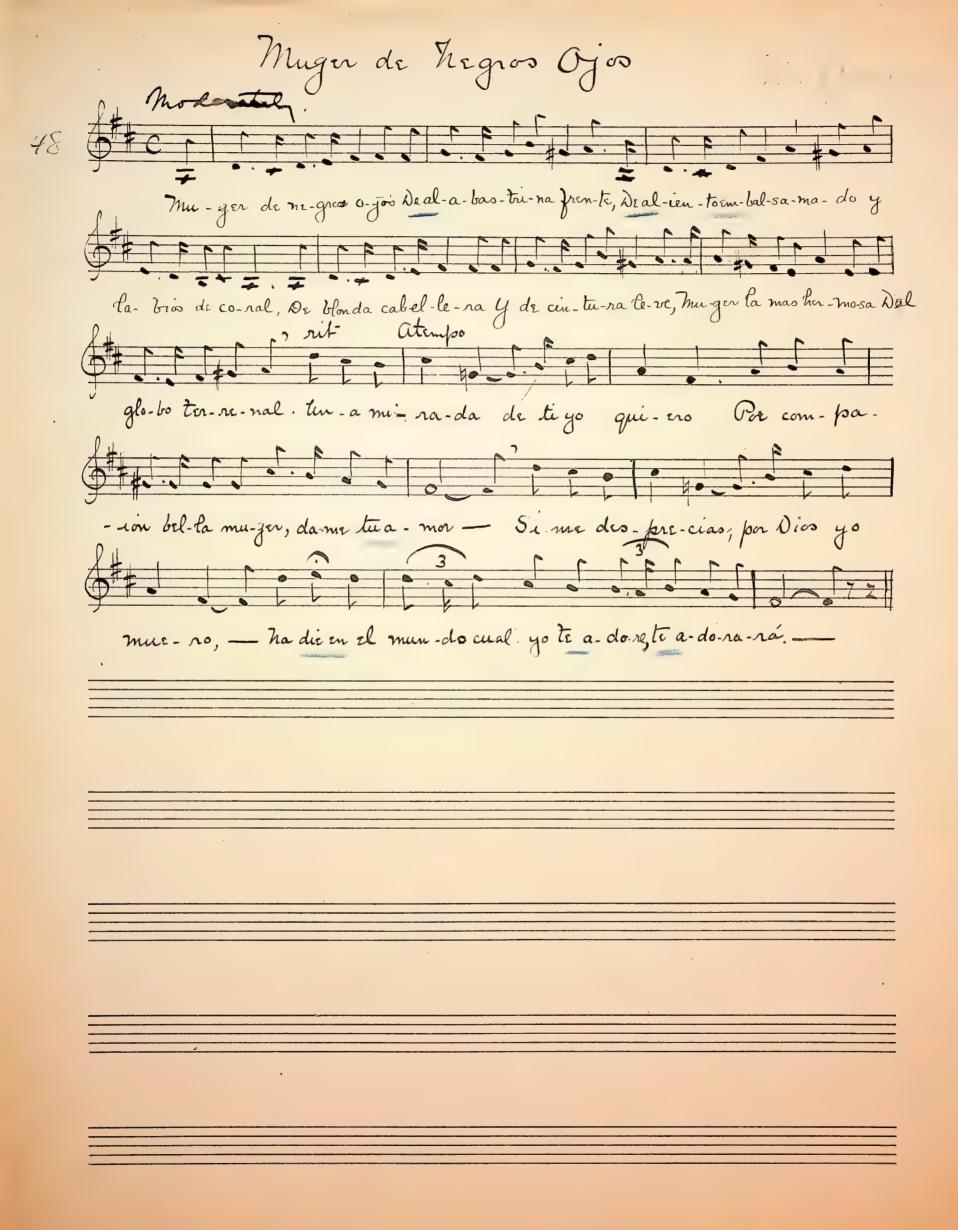
Si ro Verdad?

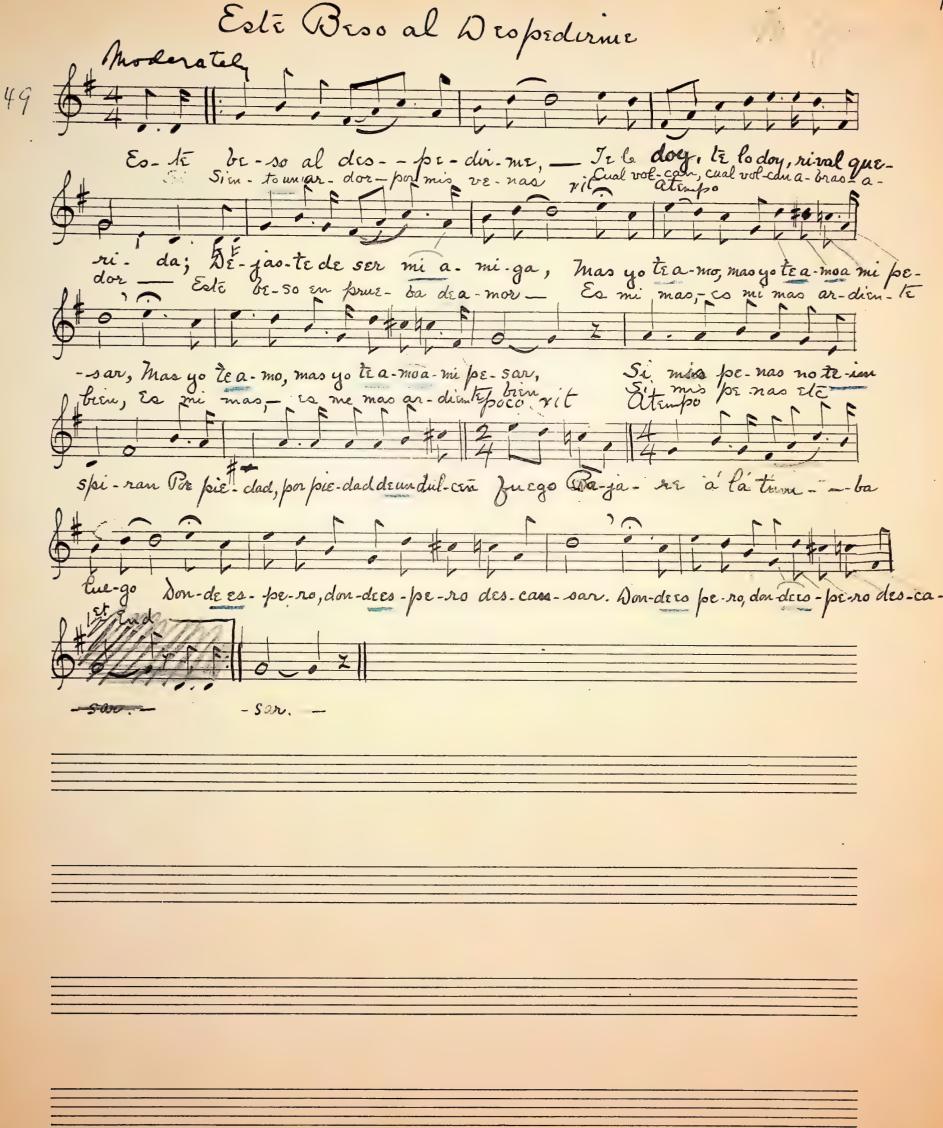


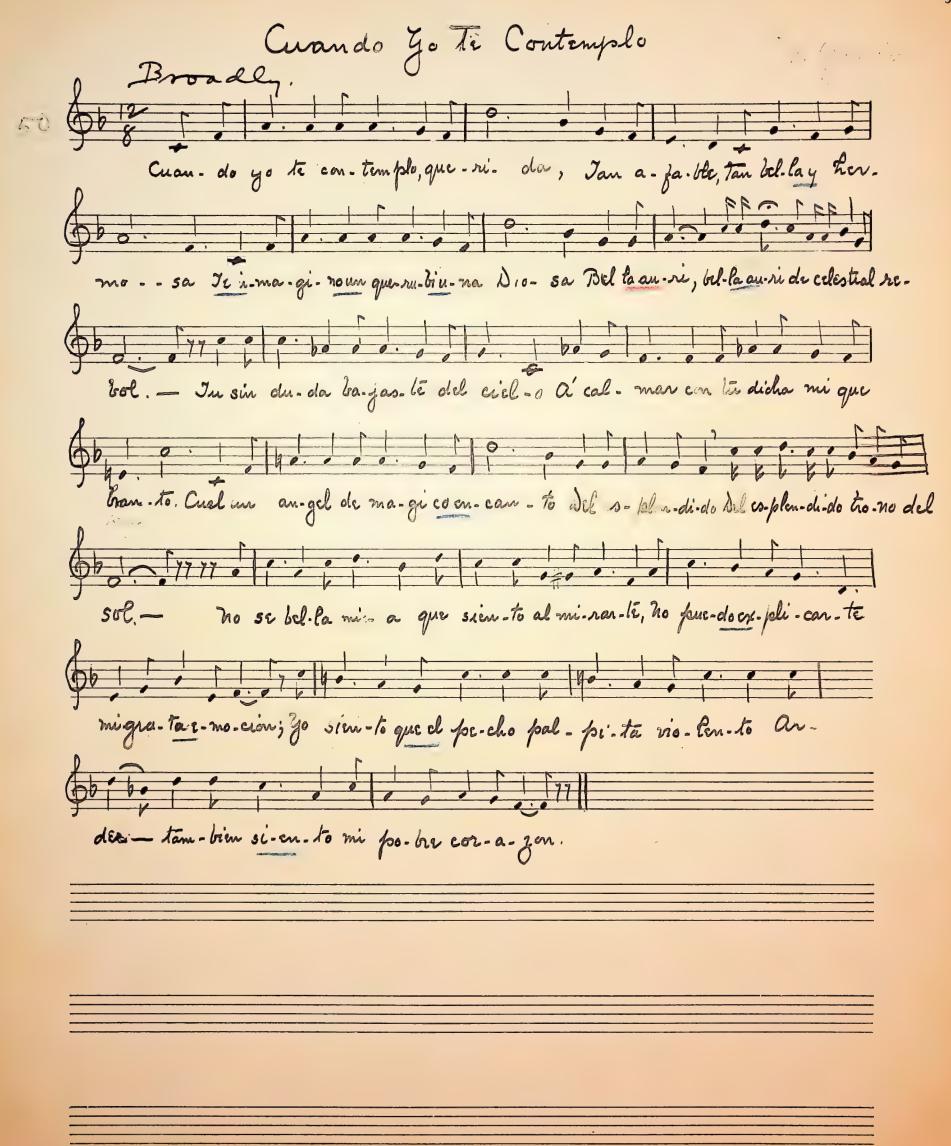






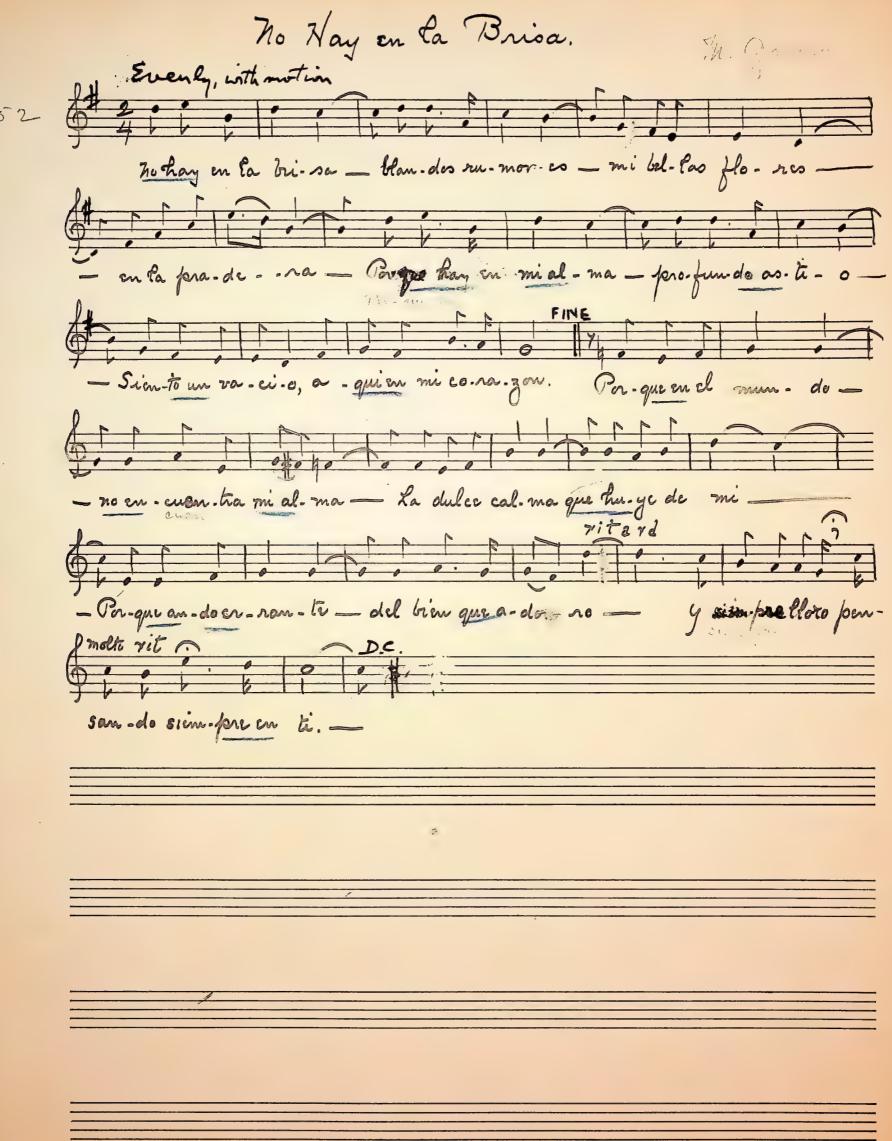


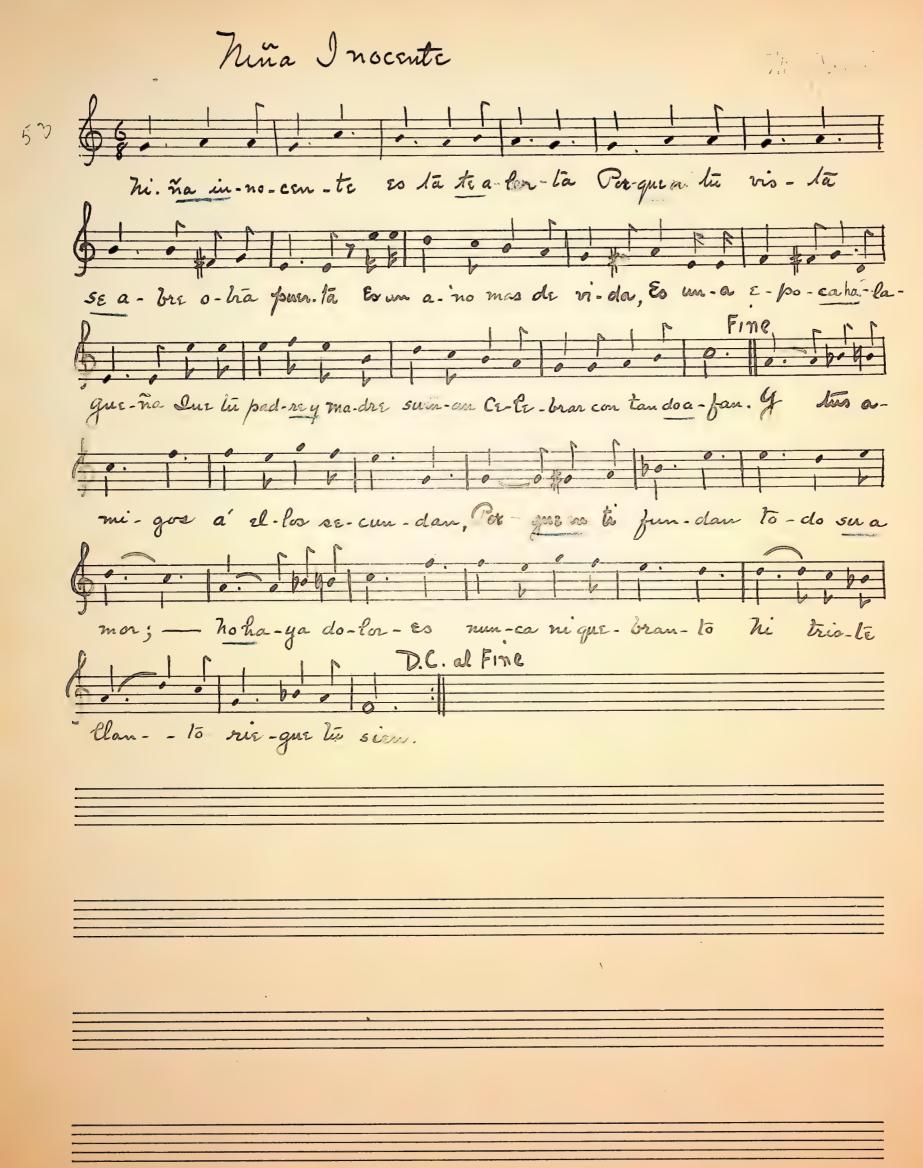




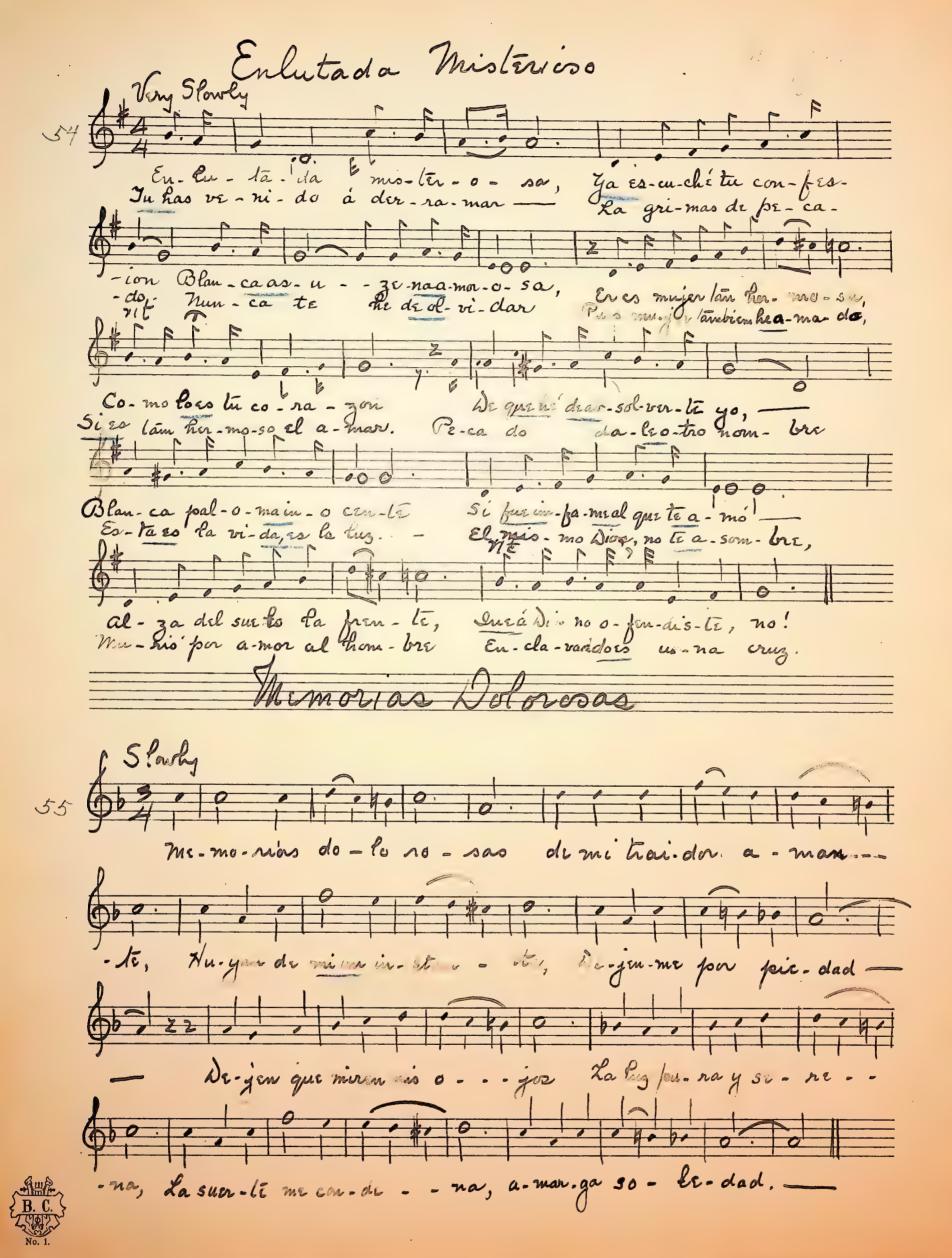


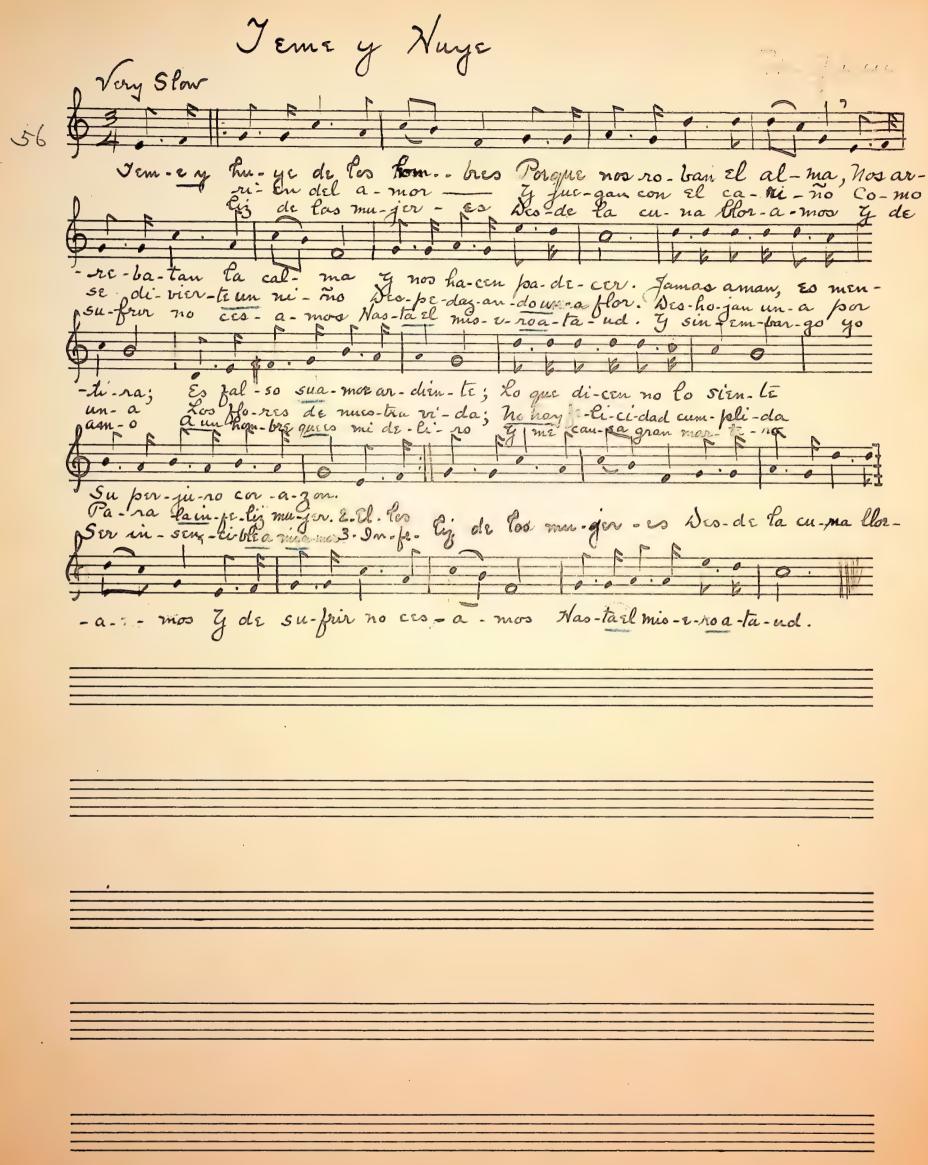
Somos Auxiliares. Minima in animated Som os aux-il-han-20 sui co-lor ni gri-to Som os de-fen-so-res des es-te puel-loin-vi to, So-mes li-ber-al-es y de-fen-der-e-mos neers-tra in-de pen-den-cia y la li-ber tad y la li-ber-lad y la liber lad y la lib-ber-tad y la li-ber-tad, li-ber-tad, li-ber-tad - na-dre mi-a que es-cu-chas mi can - - to, Na-ce poce me vis-te lu-char, So-locx-i-jo de tiun be-so san - to. Co-mo pre-mio aun po-breaux-il--iar. __ Es-ta gor-ra que lle-voes mi es-eu-do, __ tuo- so la qui-to yo a-qui - y con cl-la en la ma-no sa-lu -do Q'mi Dios, a'mi pa-tria y a ti. ___ Es ta Dios, a mi pa-tu-a yá ti. ____

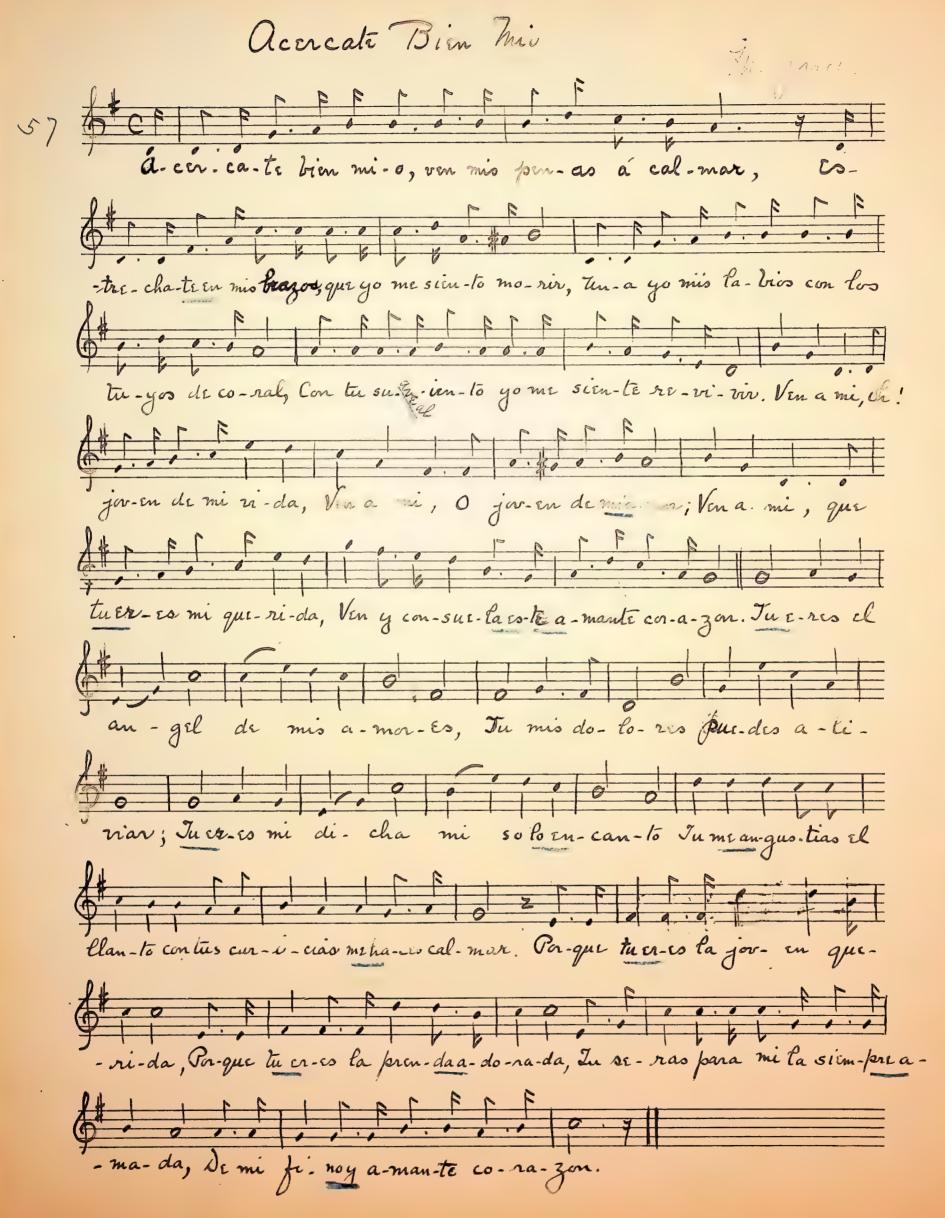




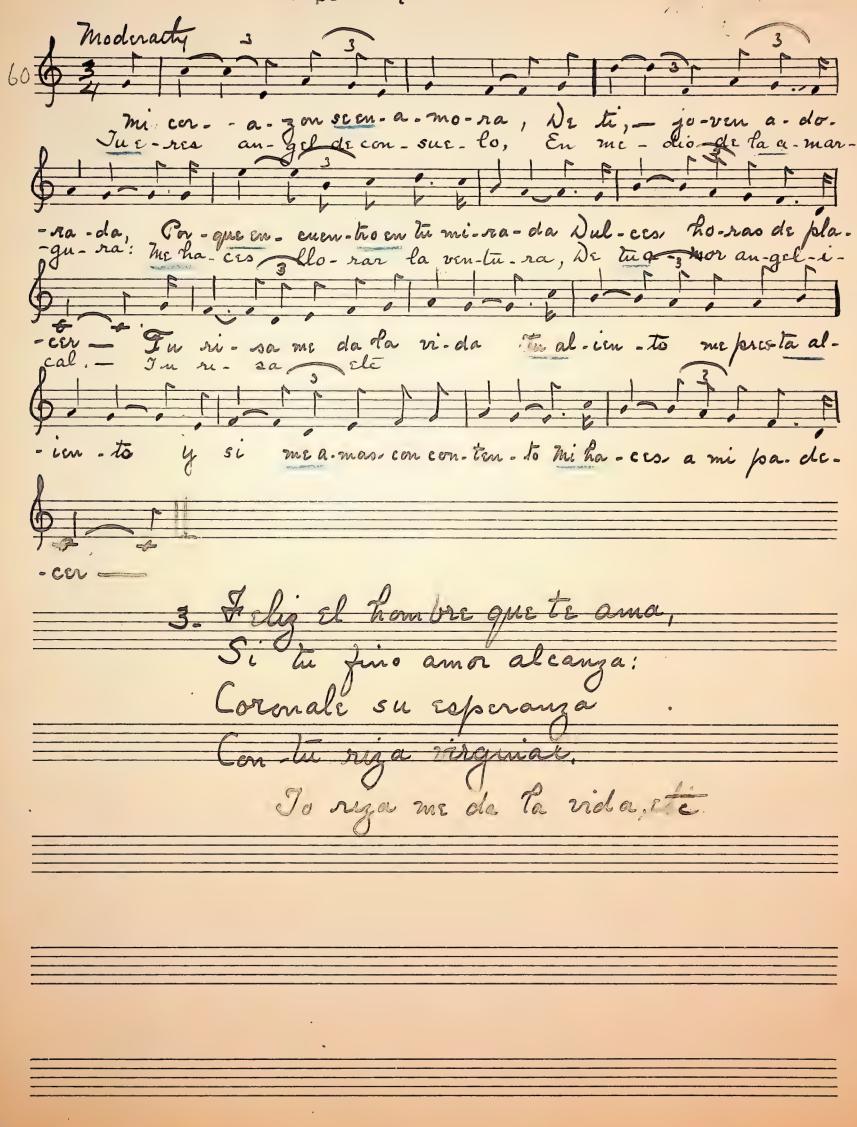




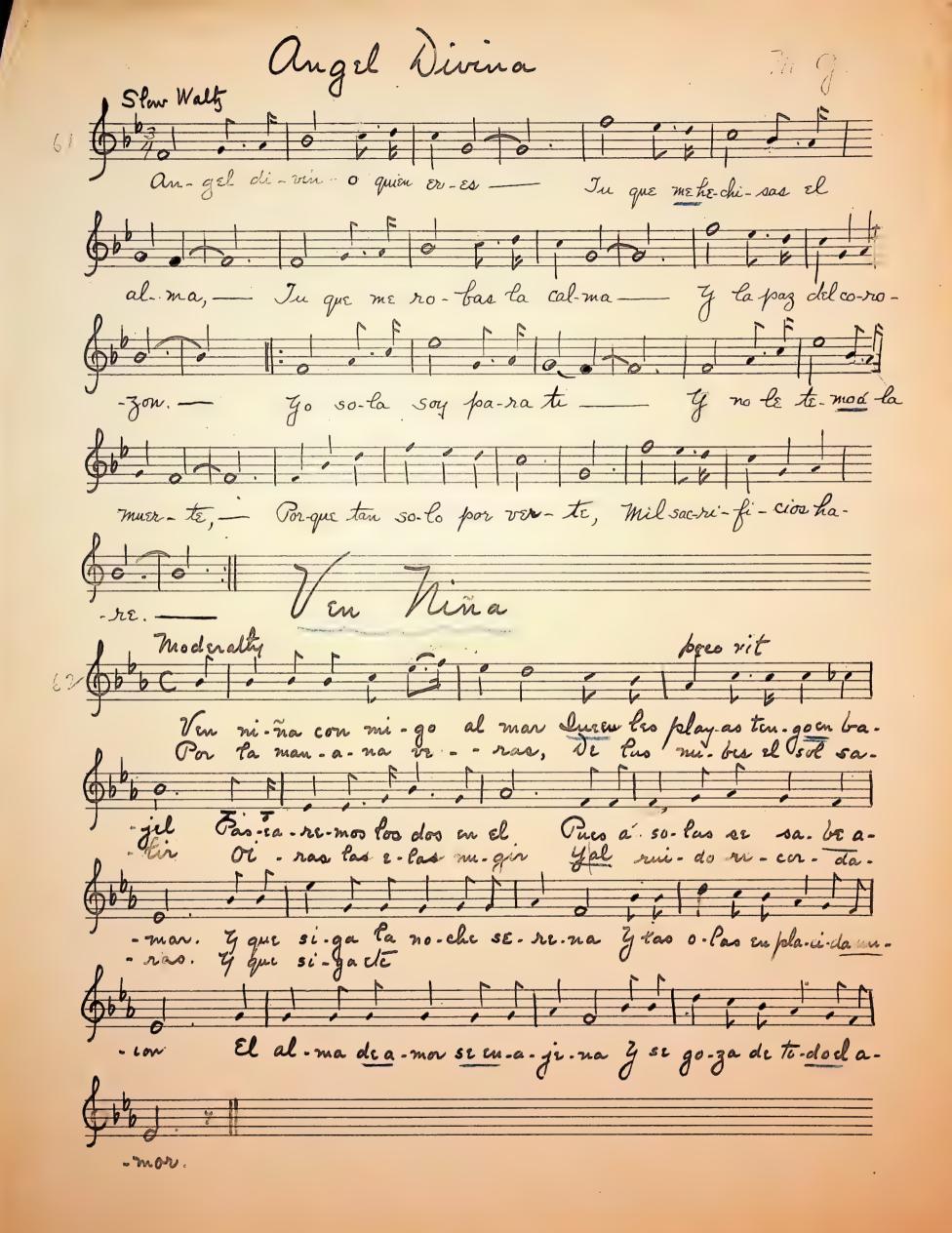


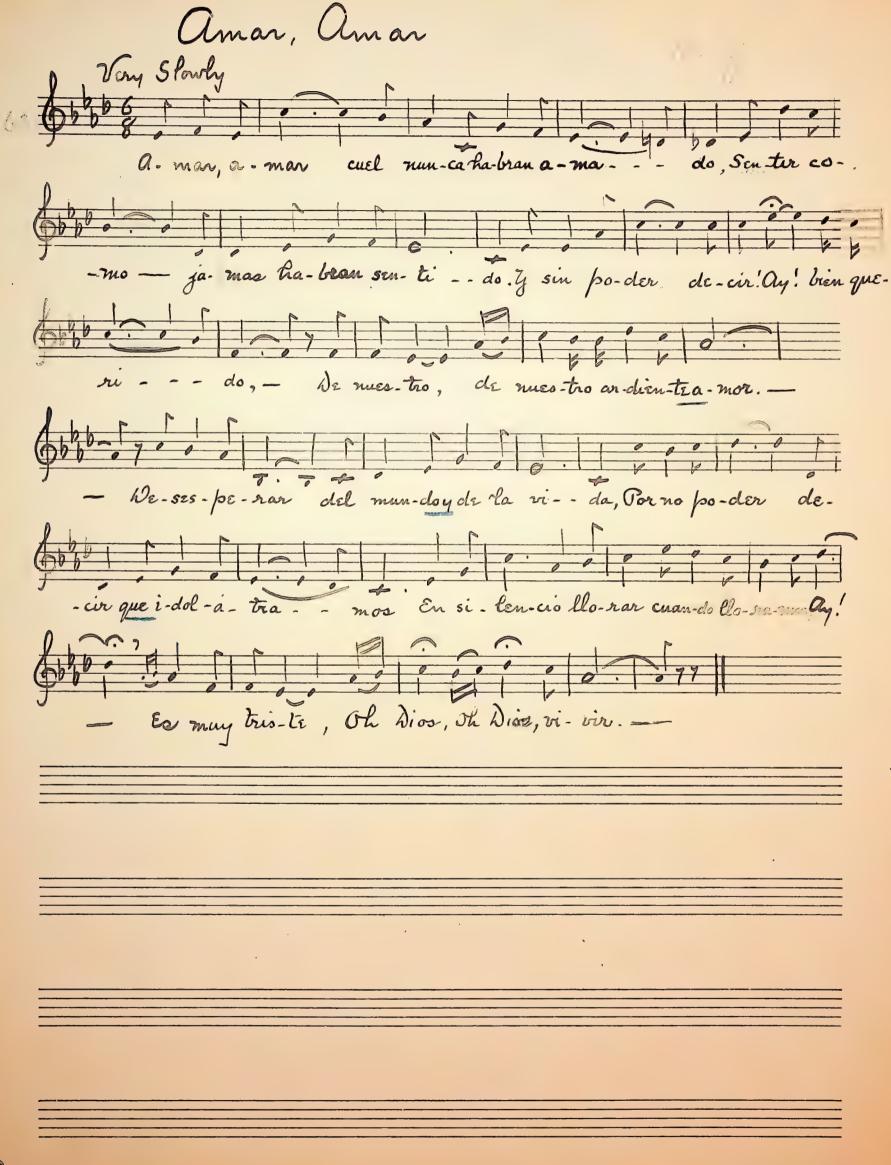


Tu Pisc

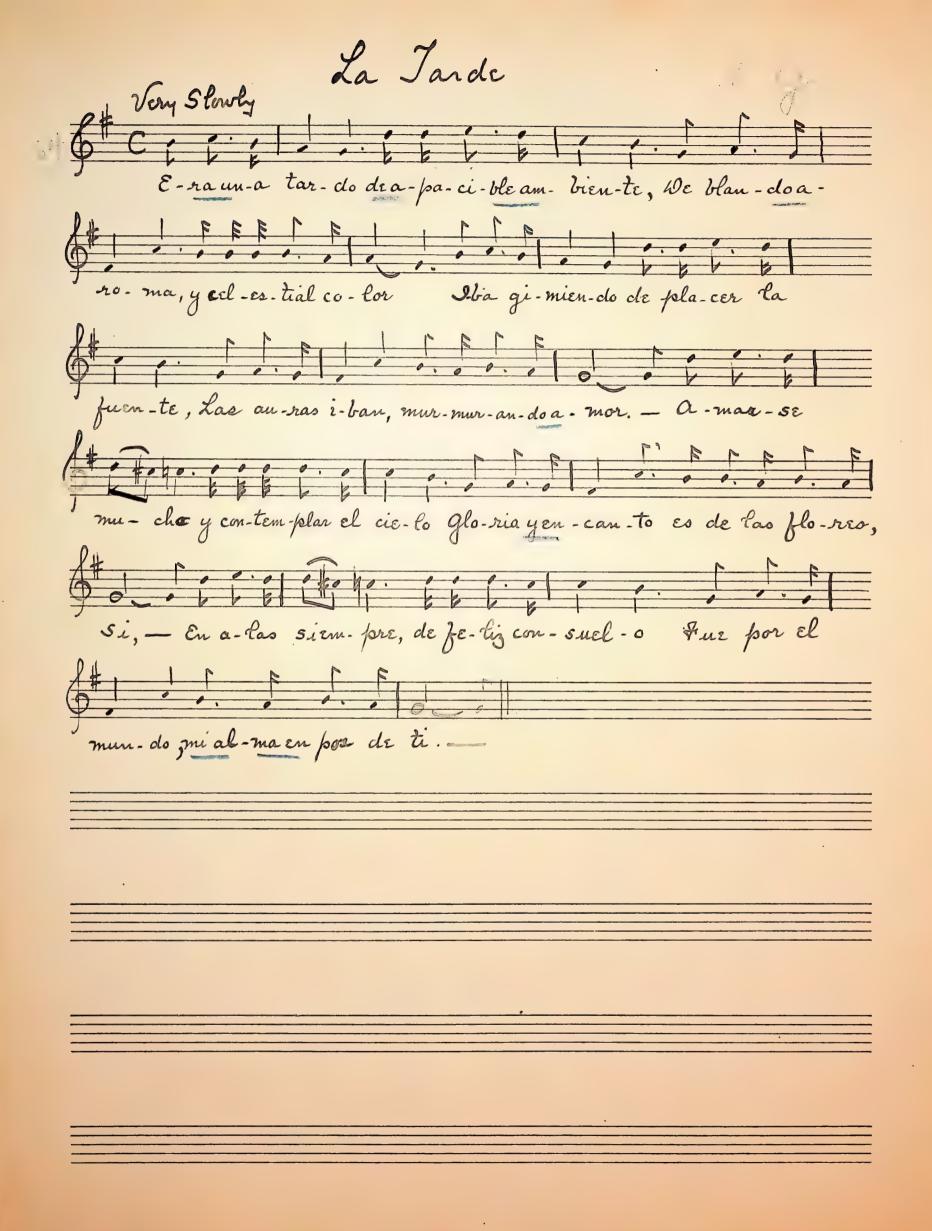




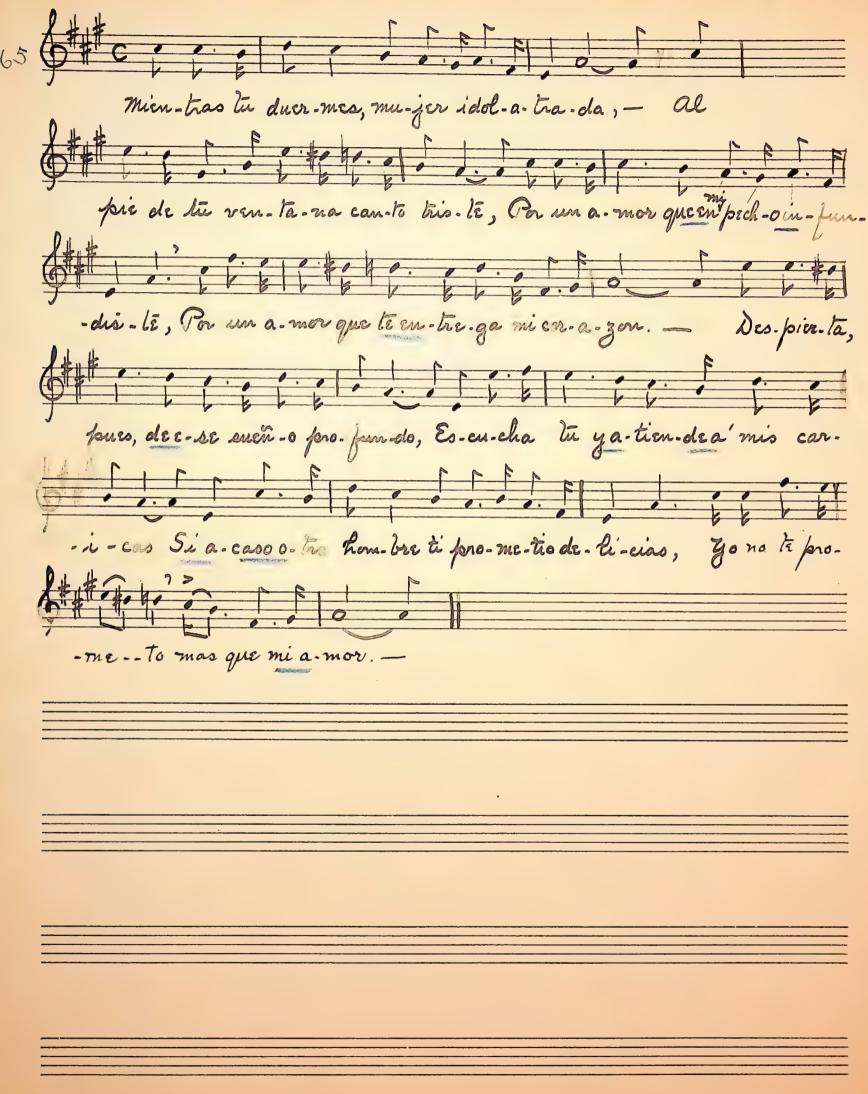




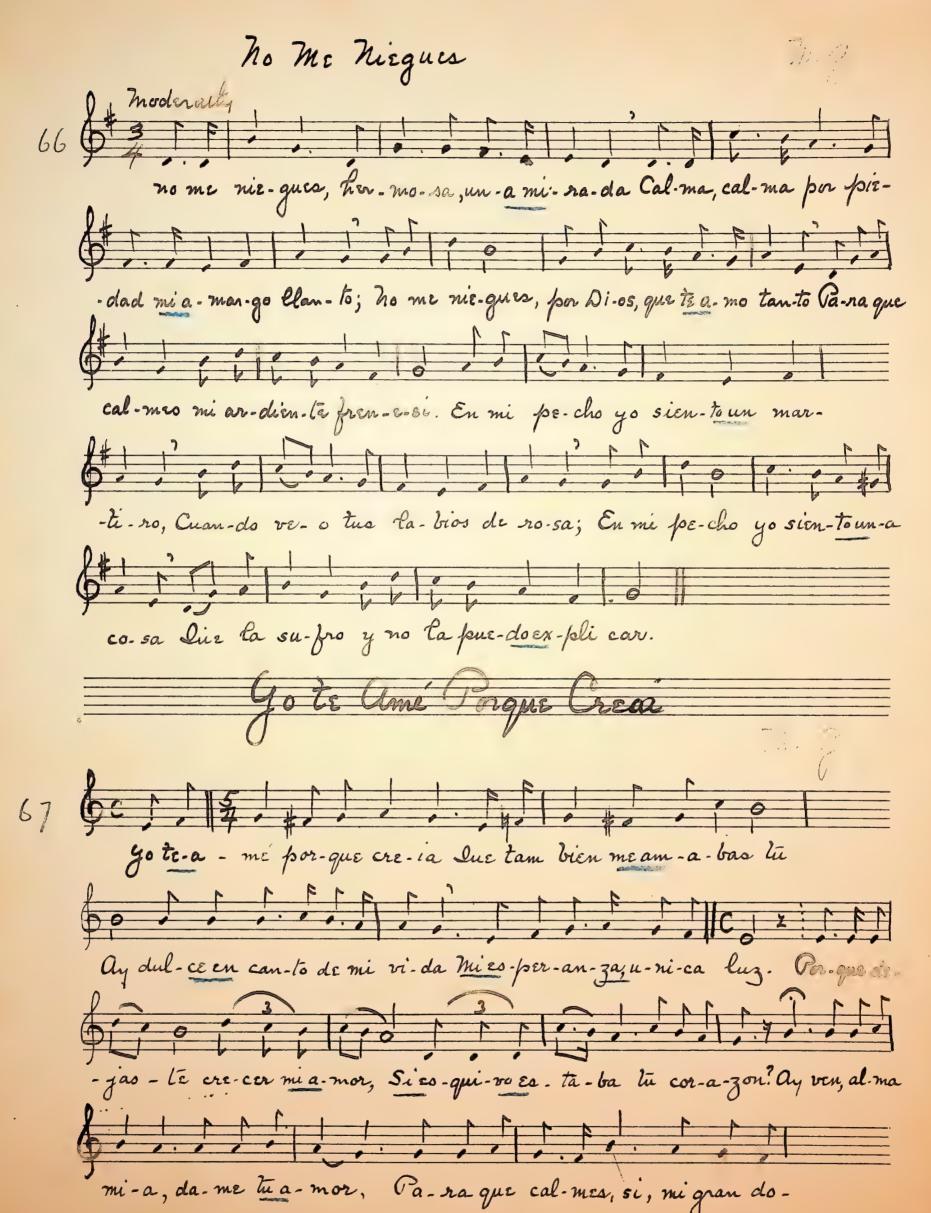


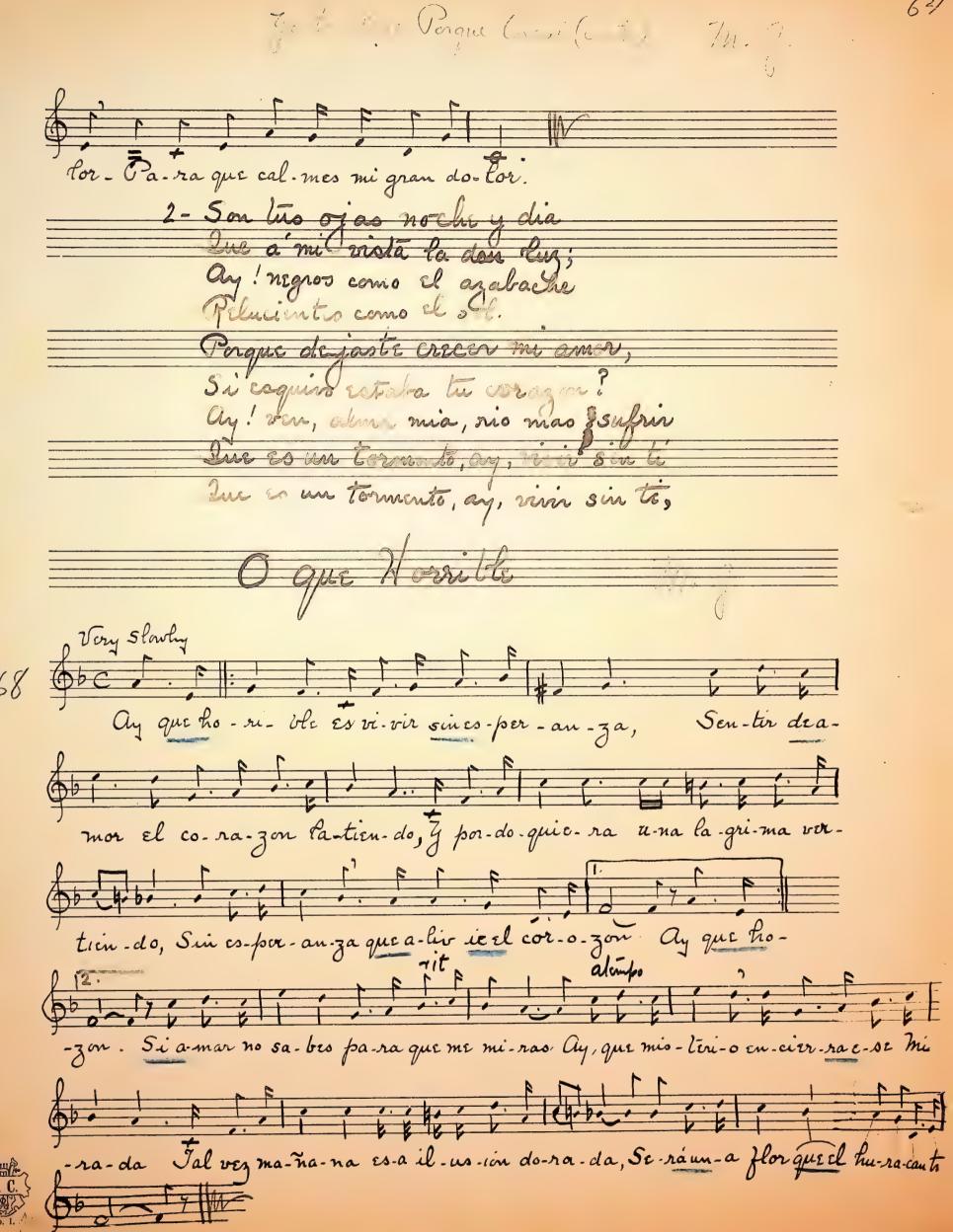


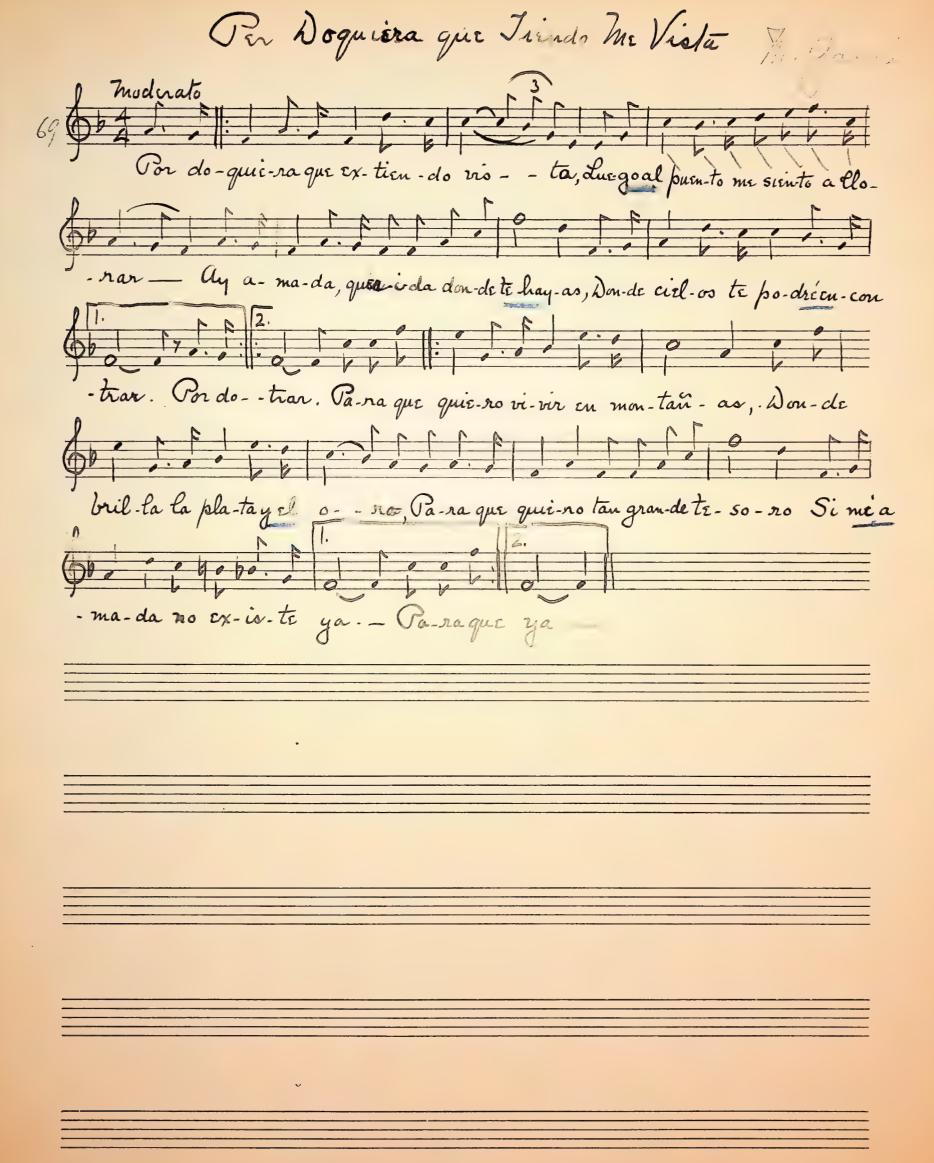
Mientras du Duermes



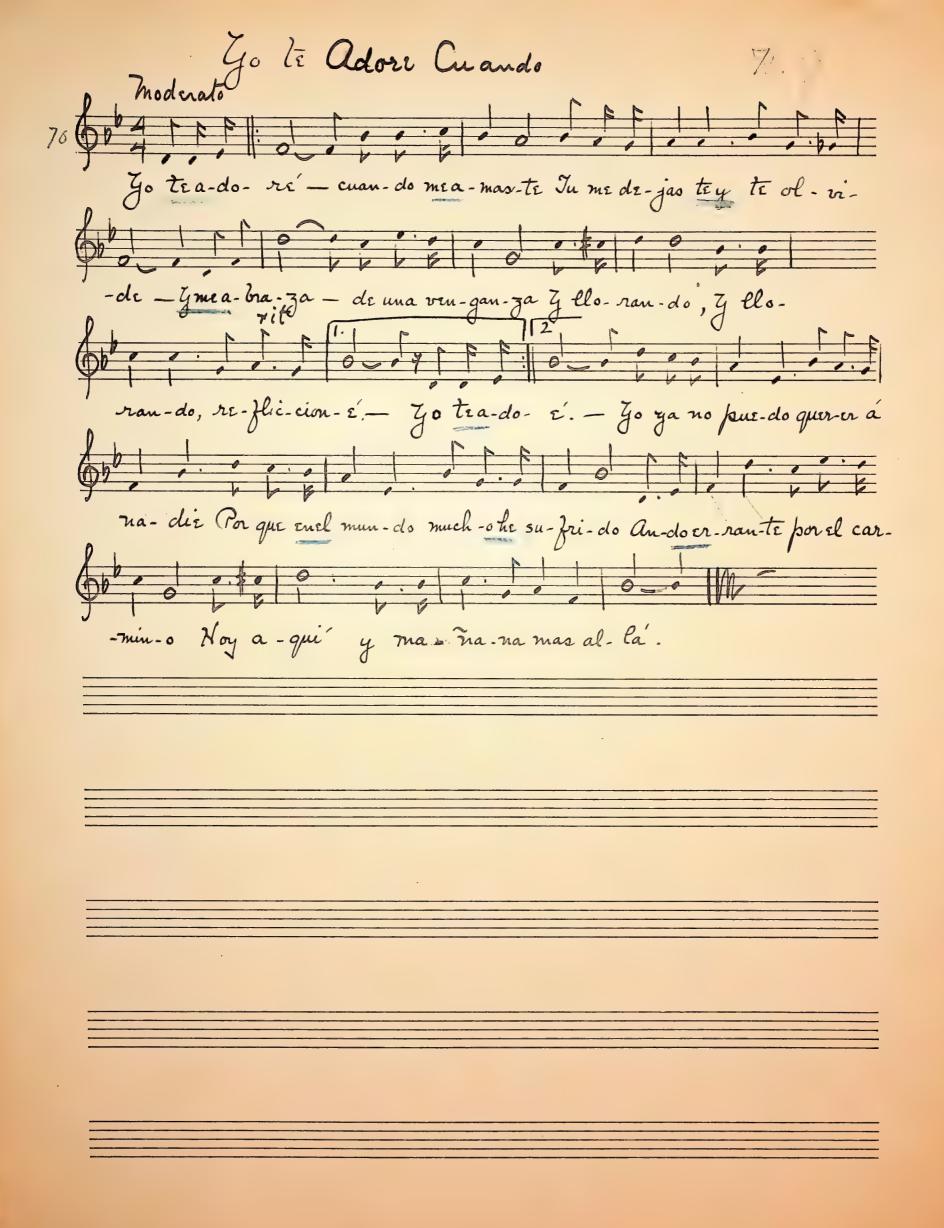


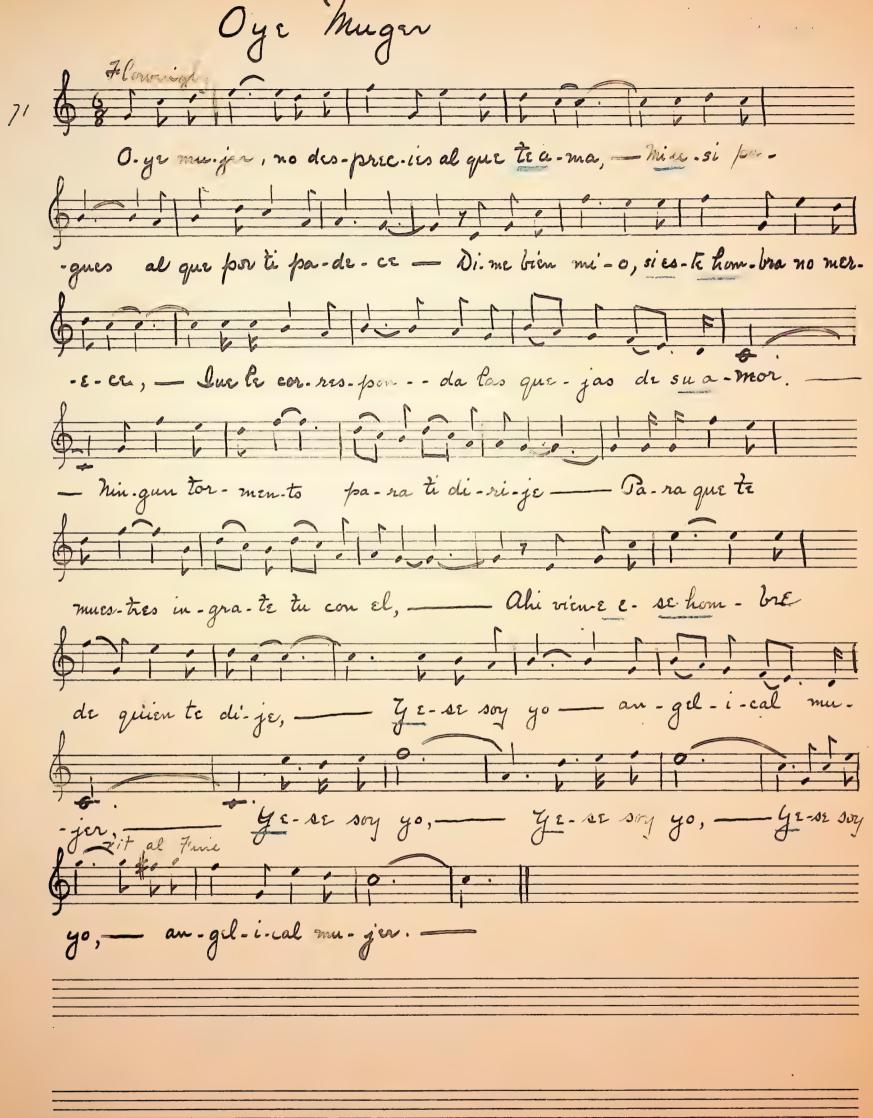


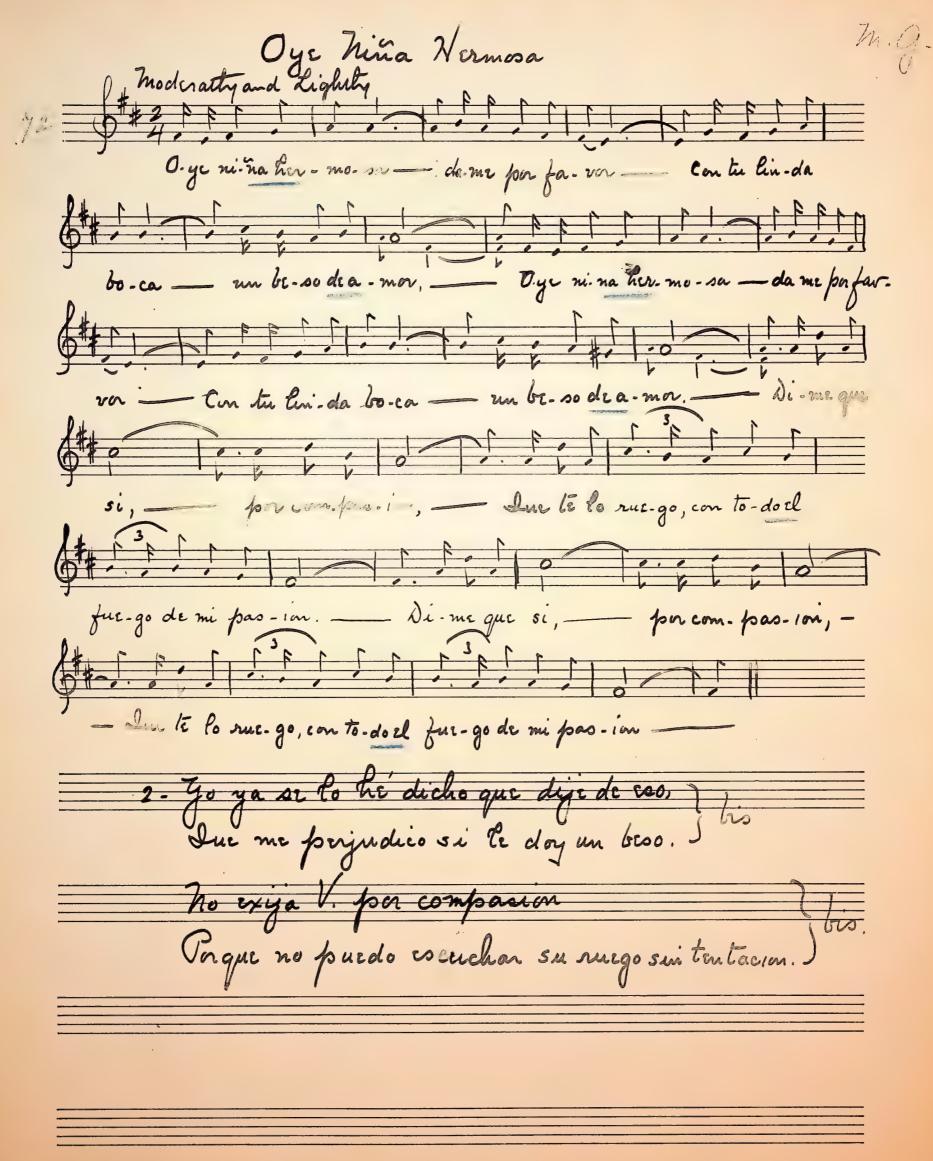




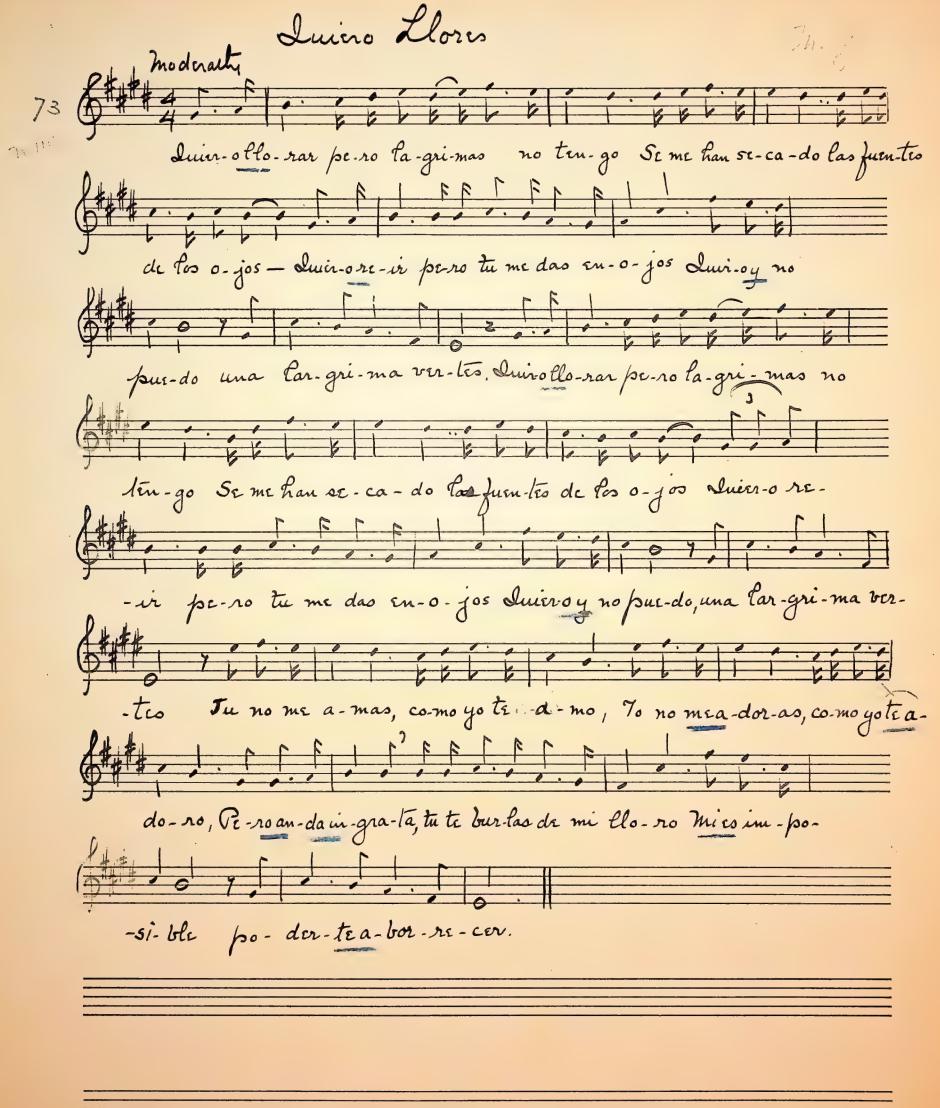


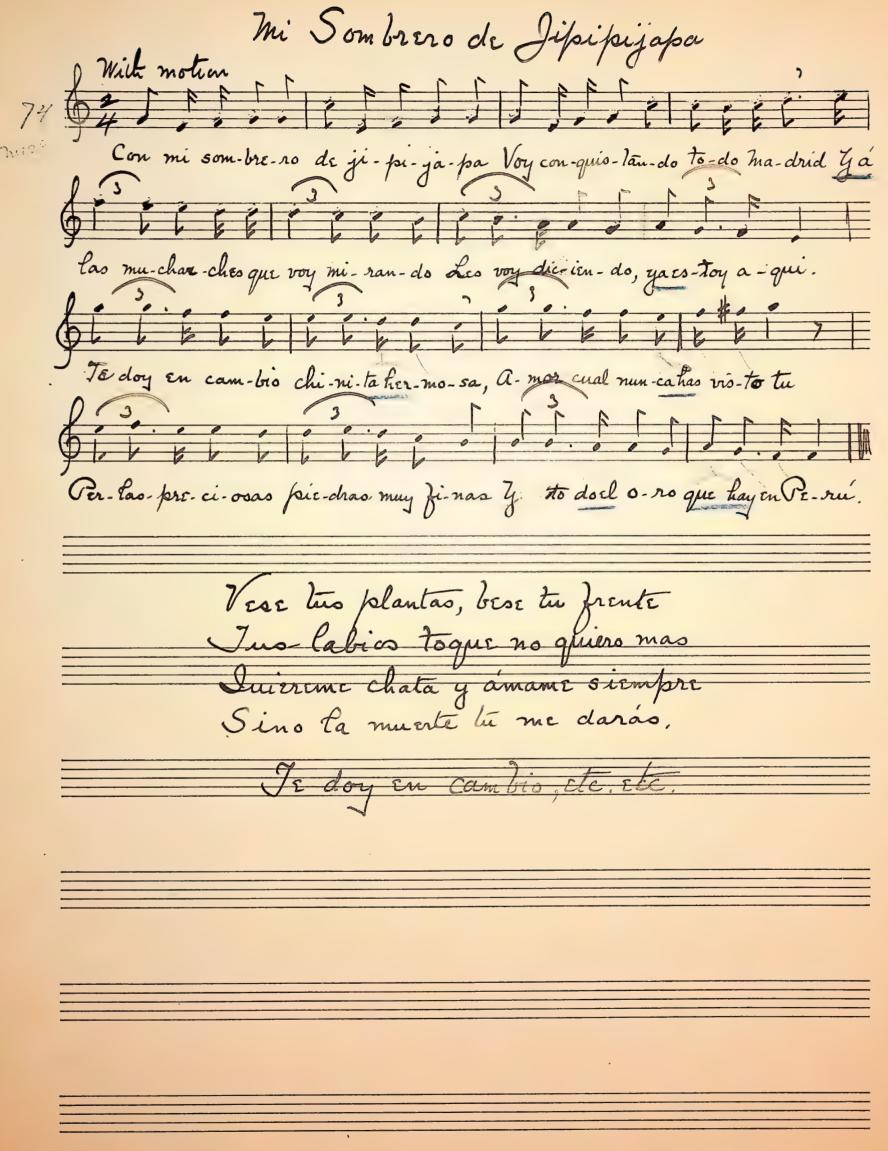




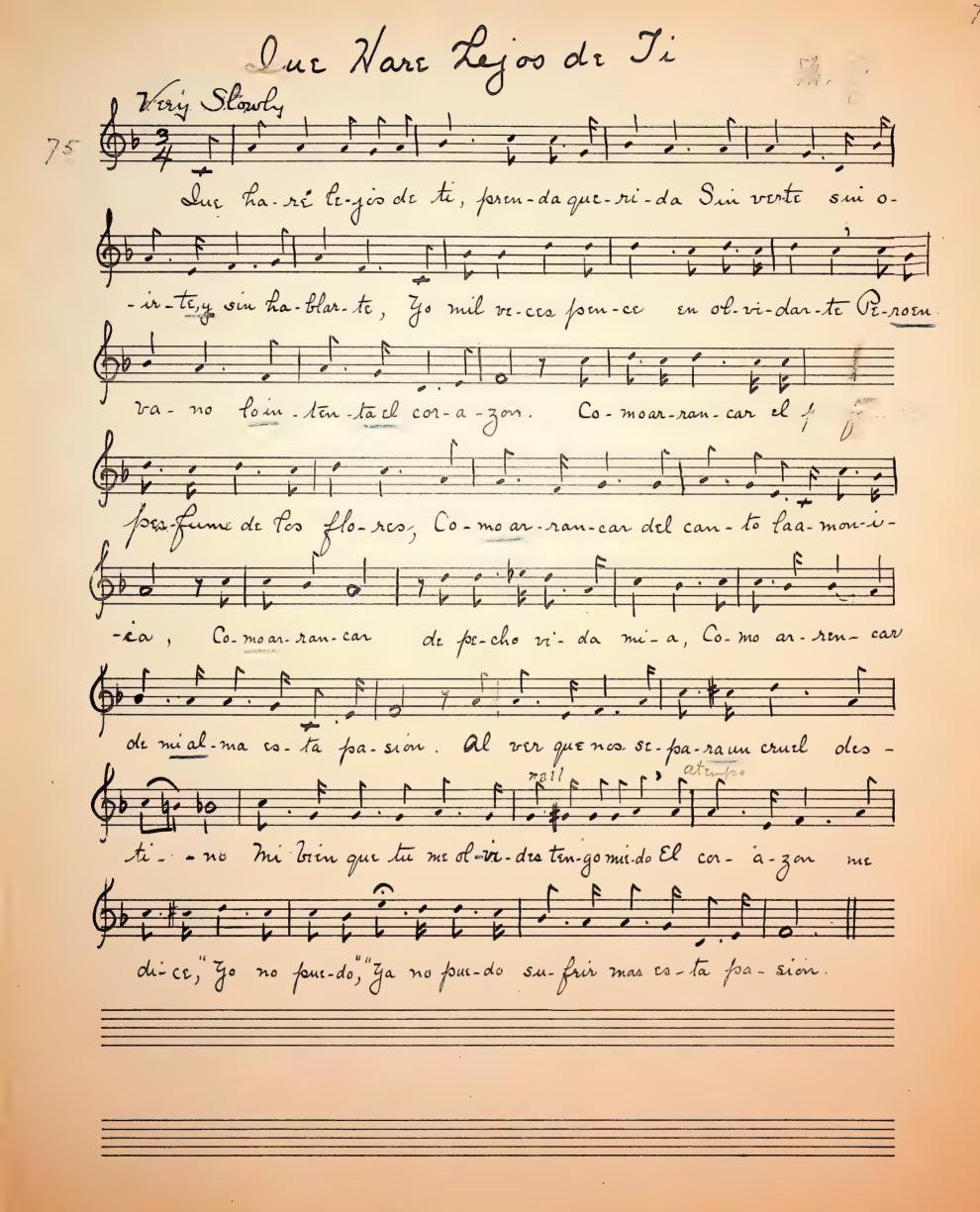


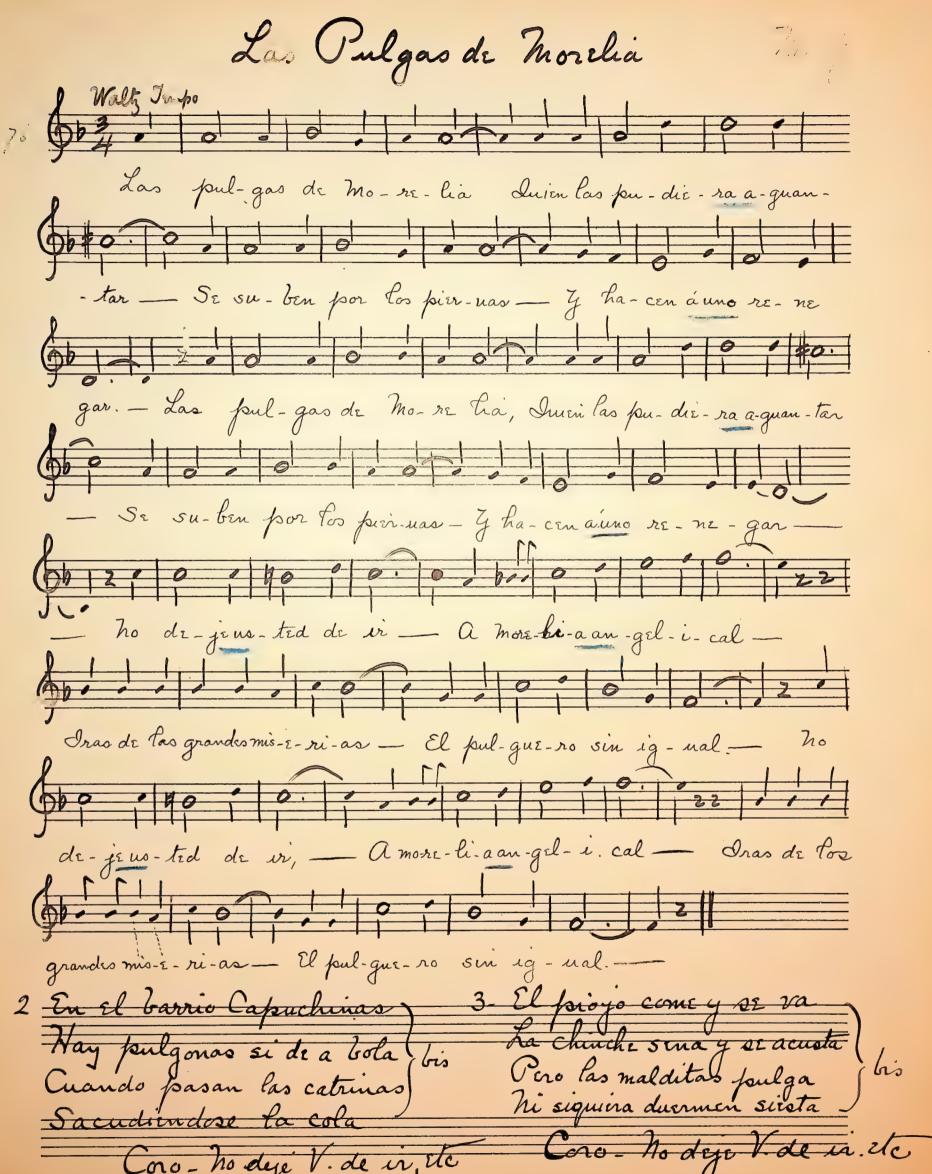




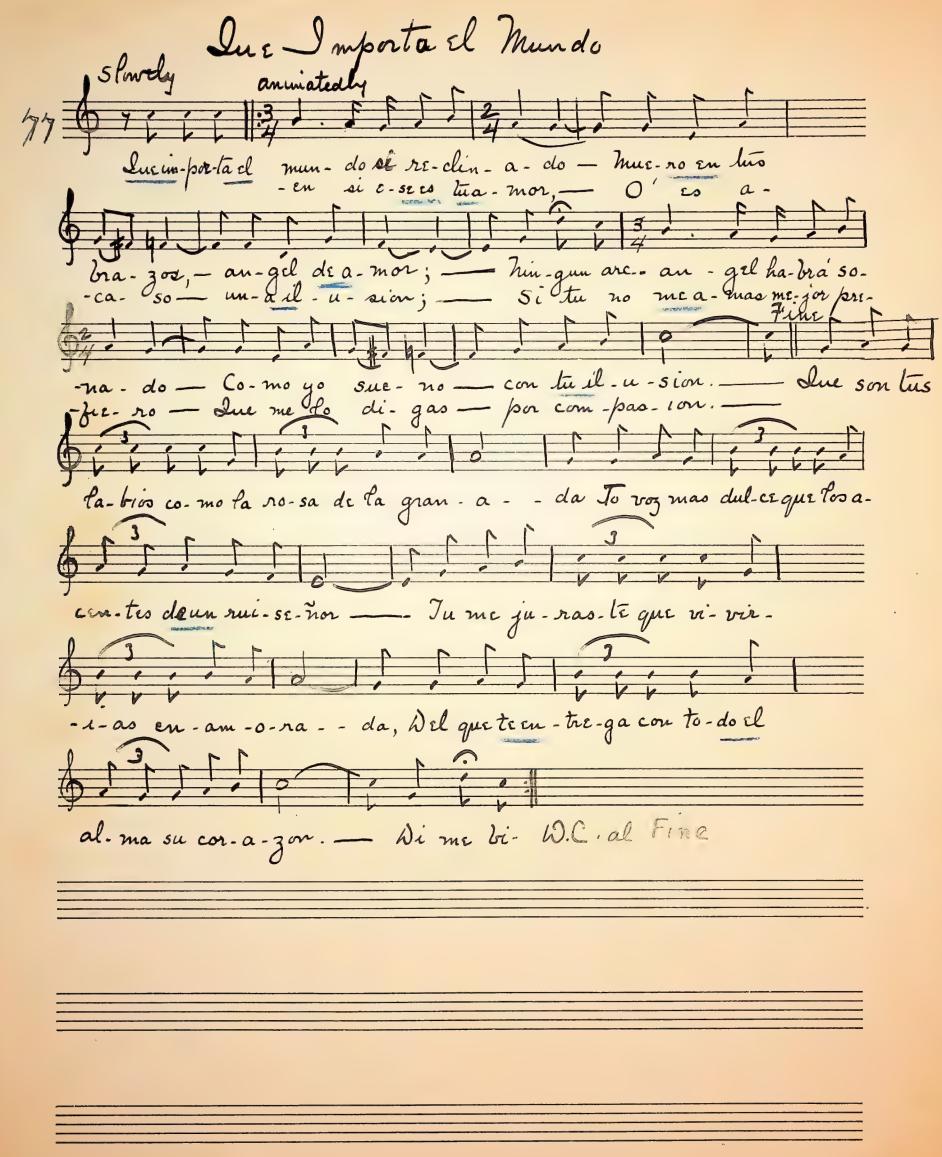


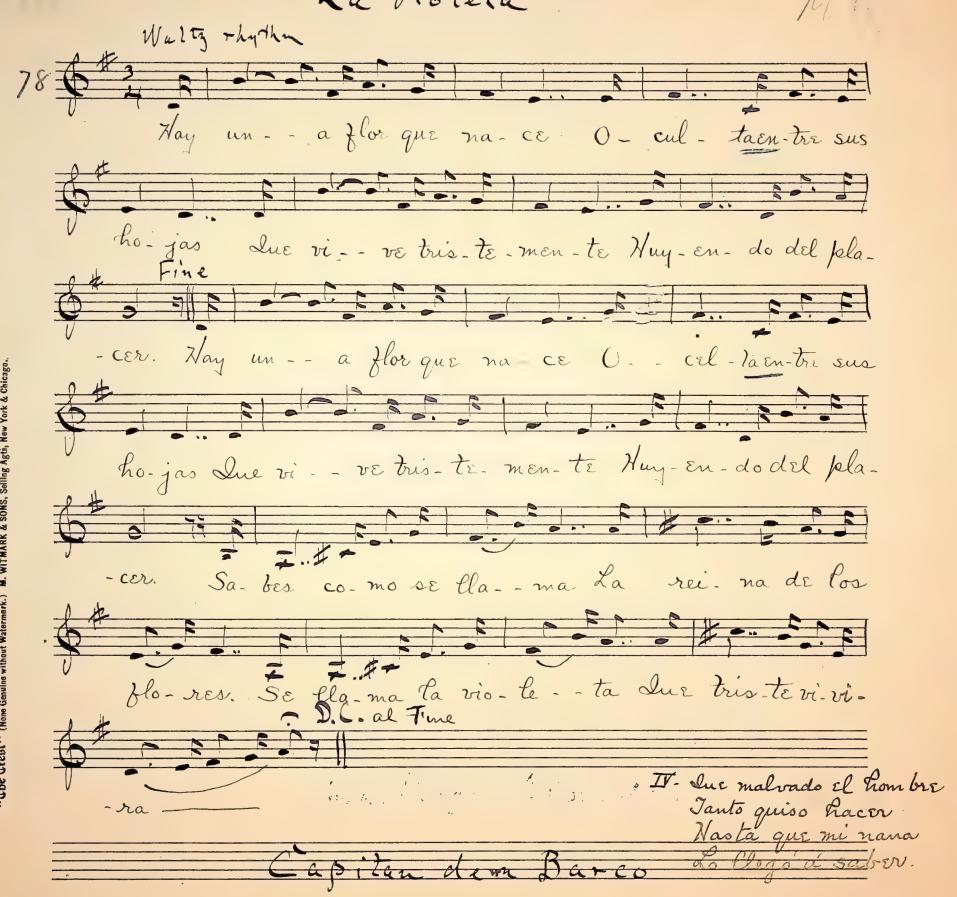




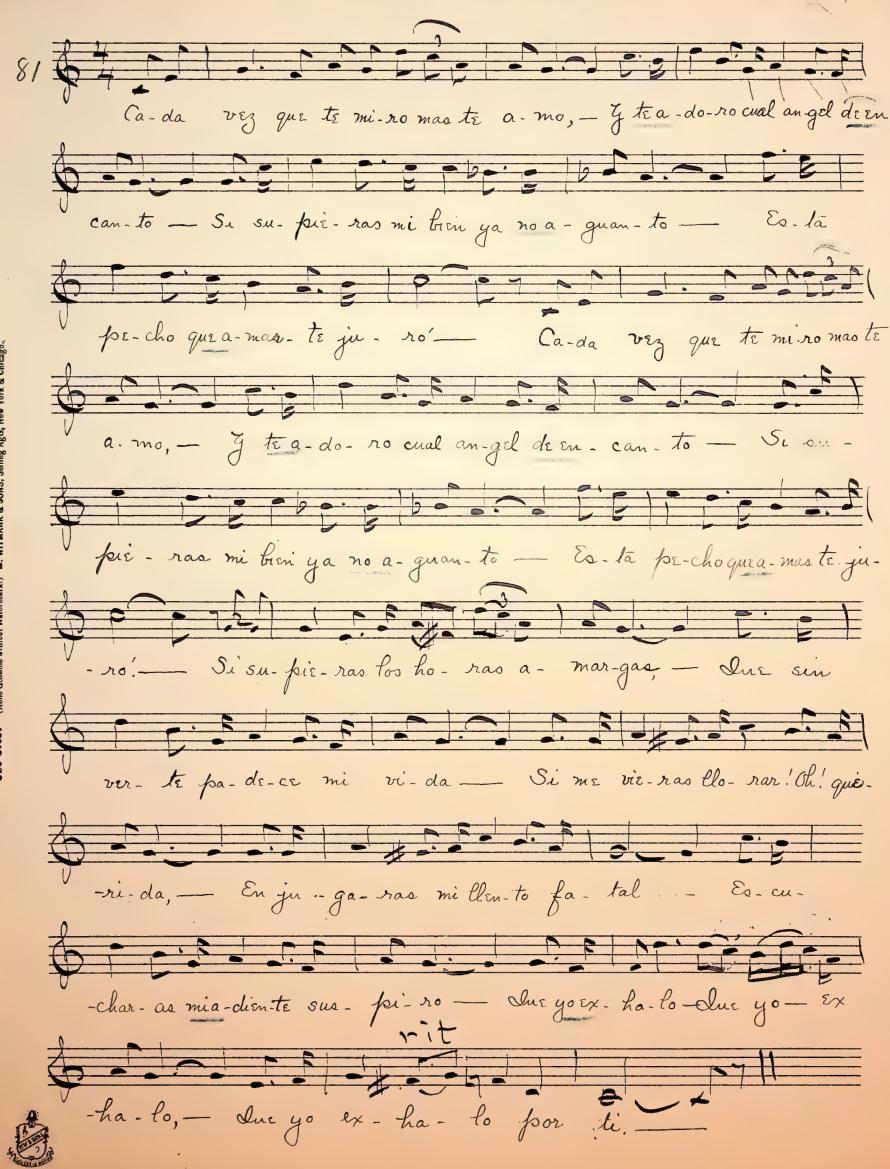


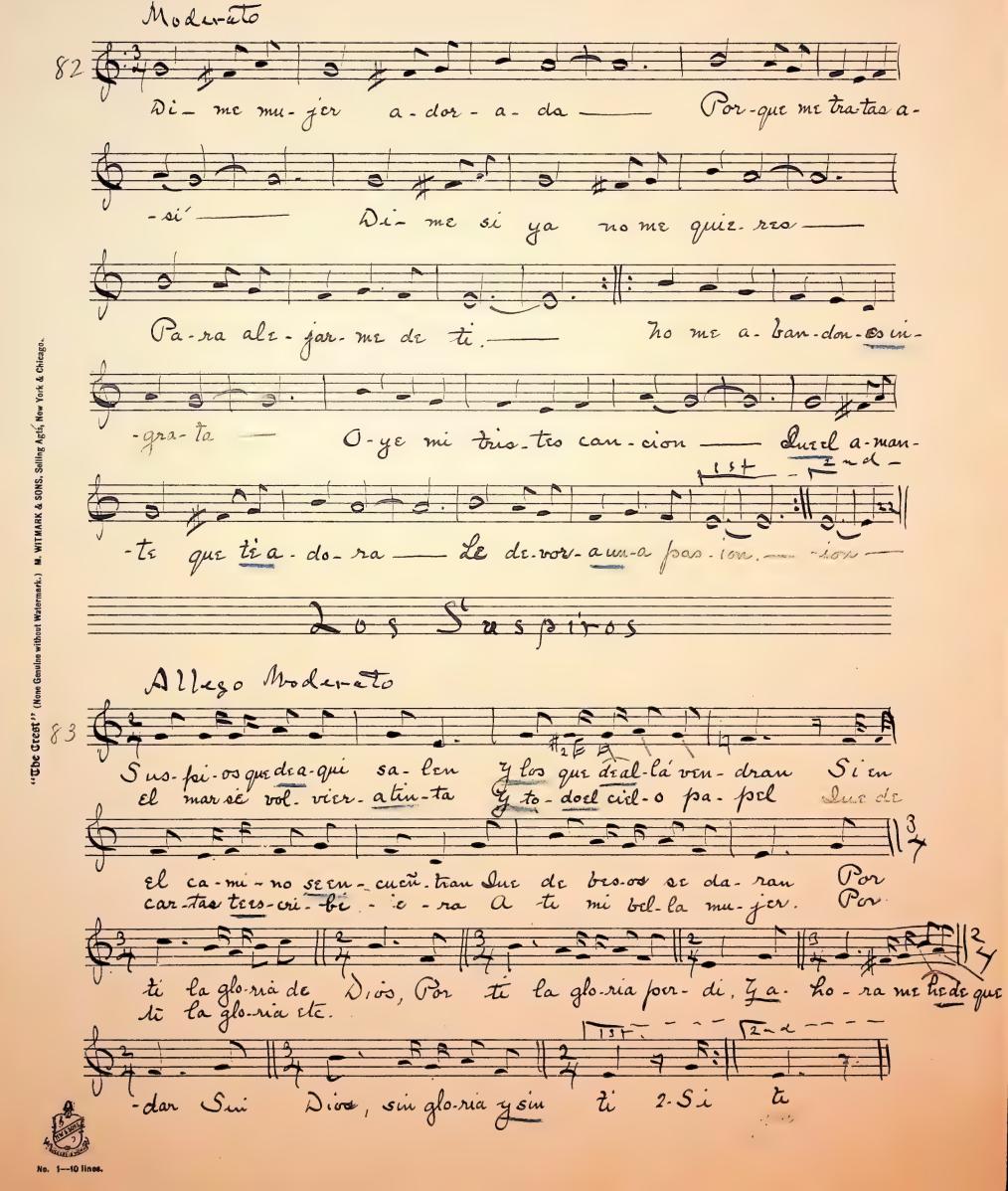
Coro-ho deje V. de ir, etc

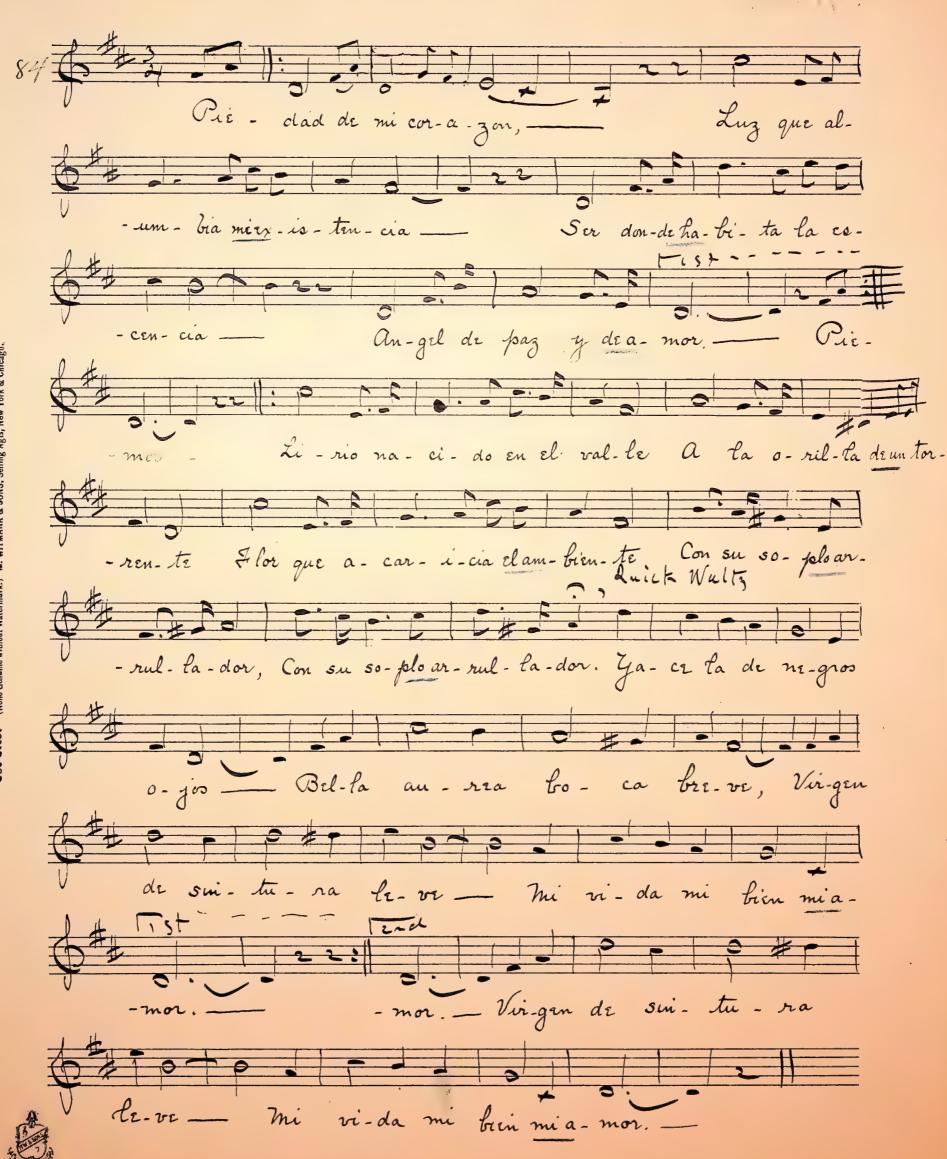


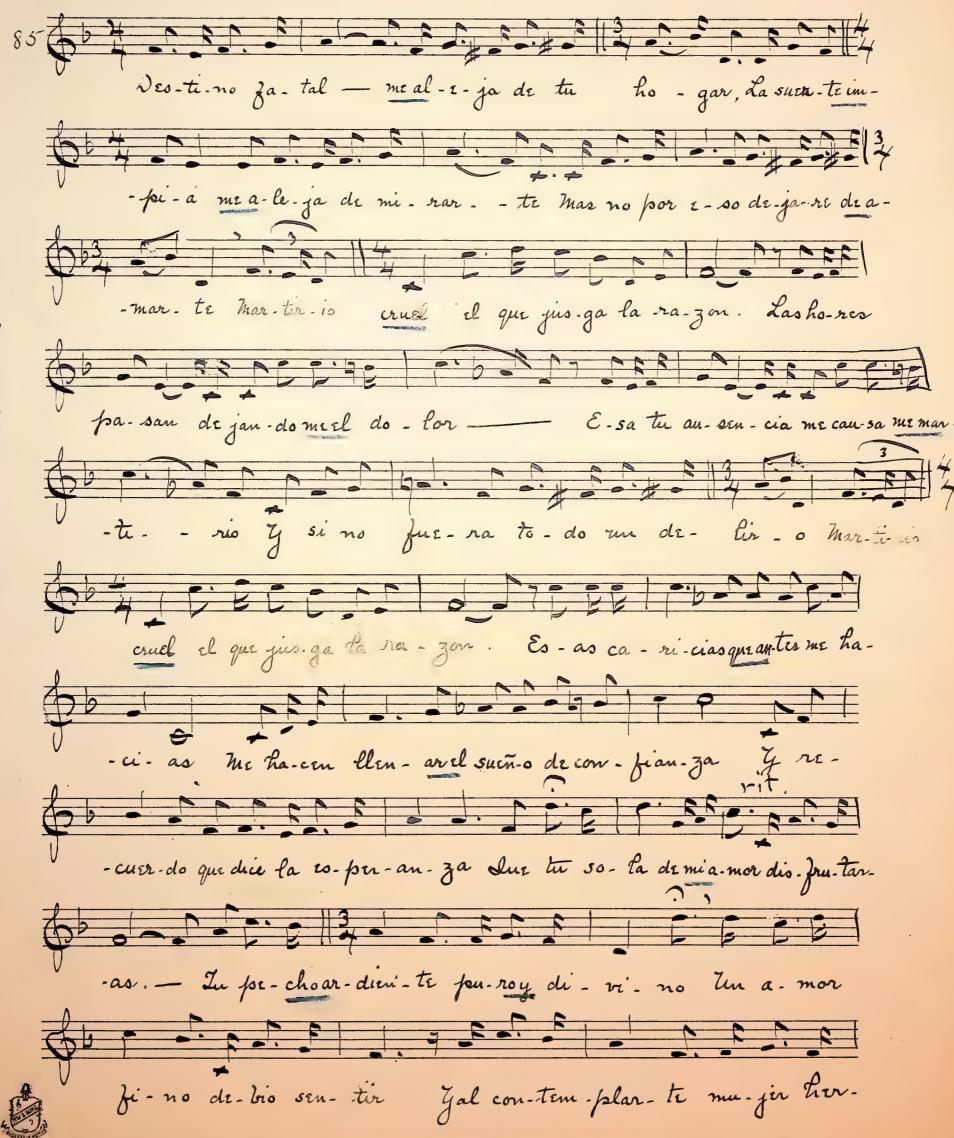


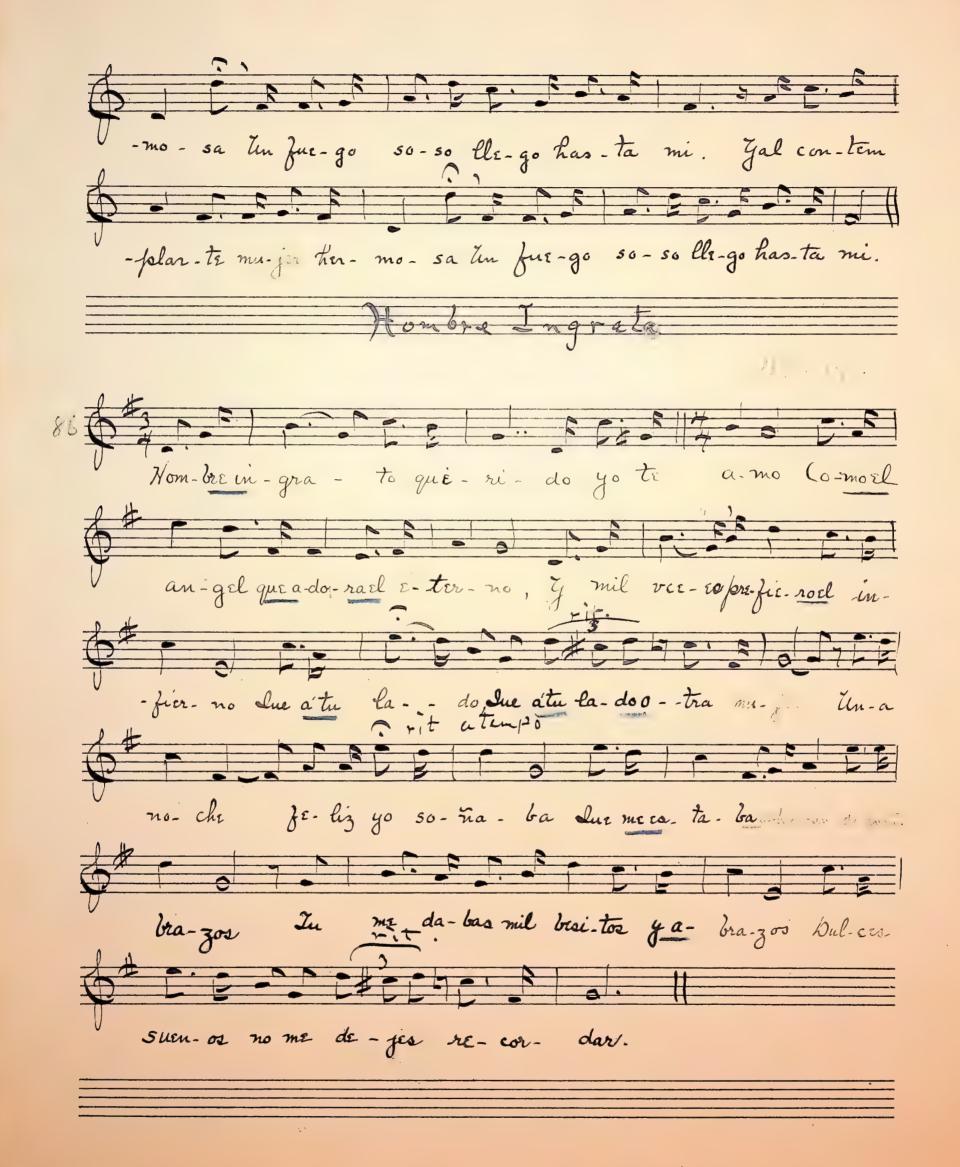




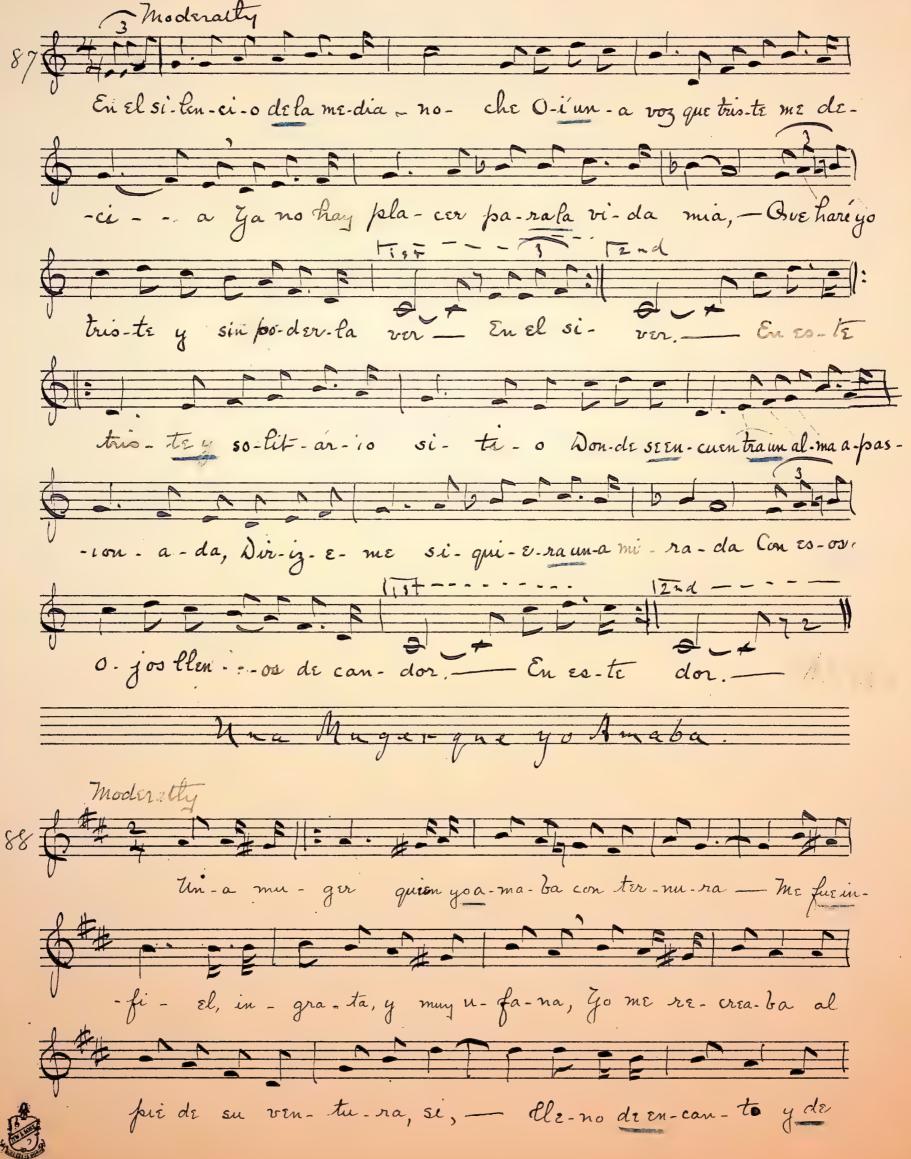


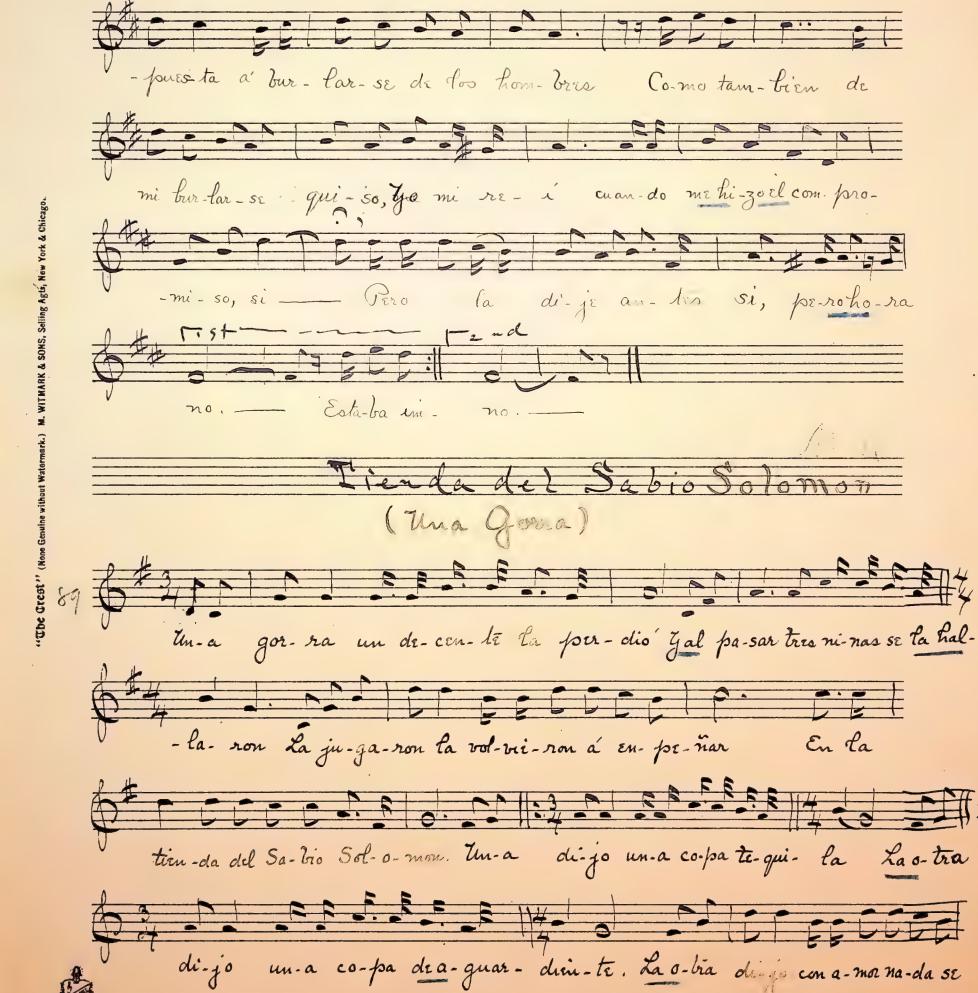




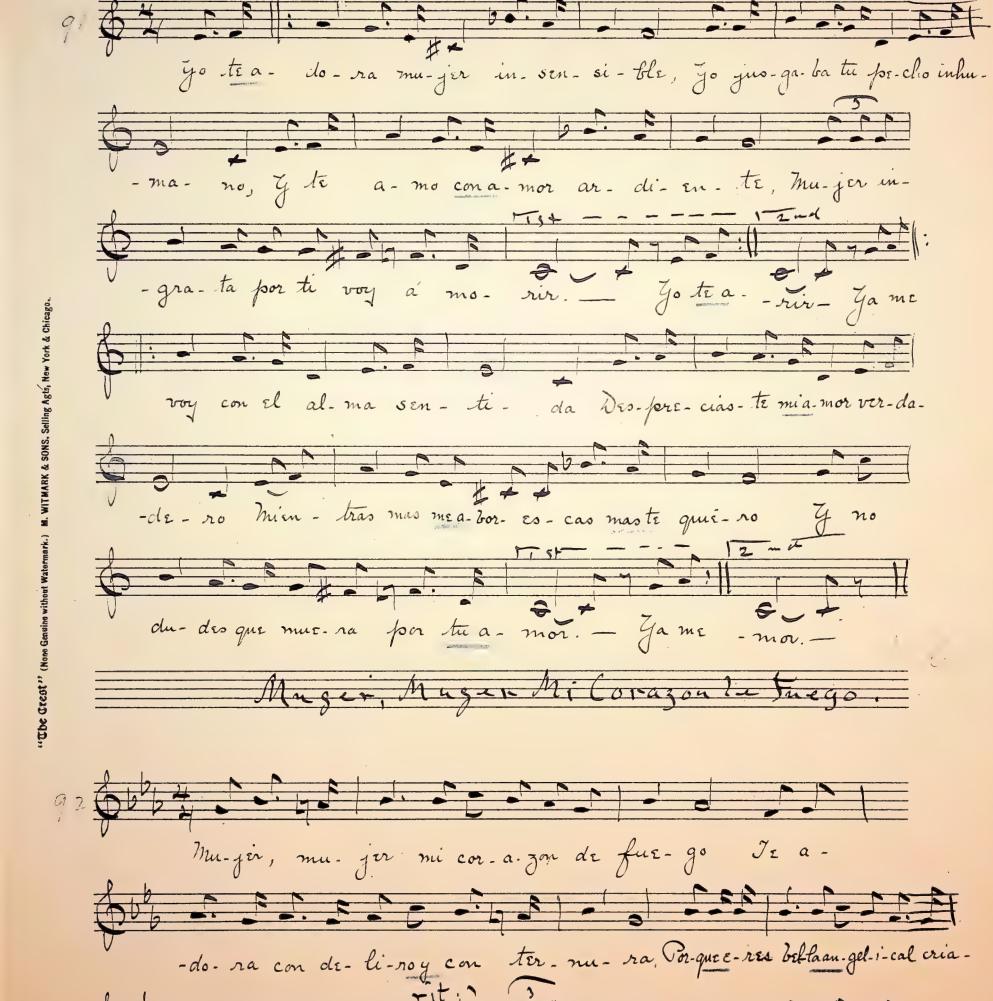




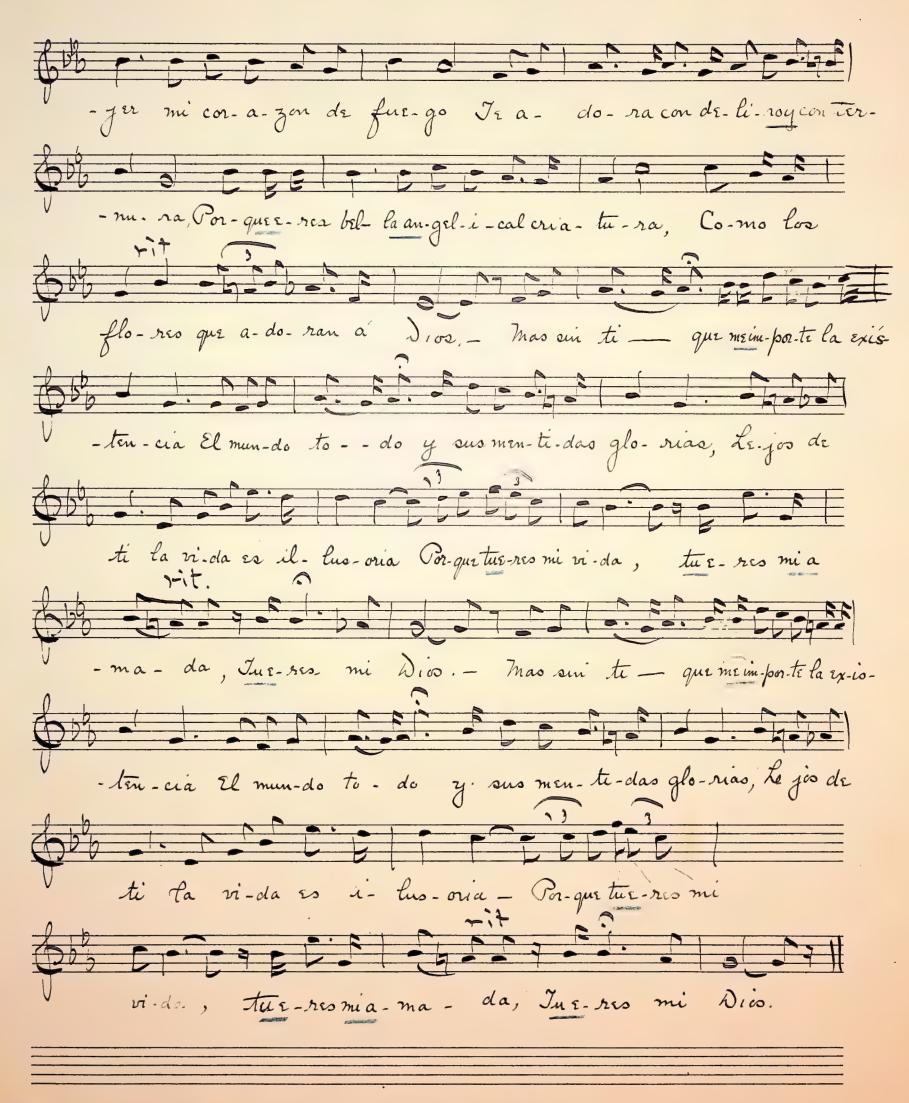




CE-les-tial can-dor. __ Un-a mu-

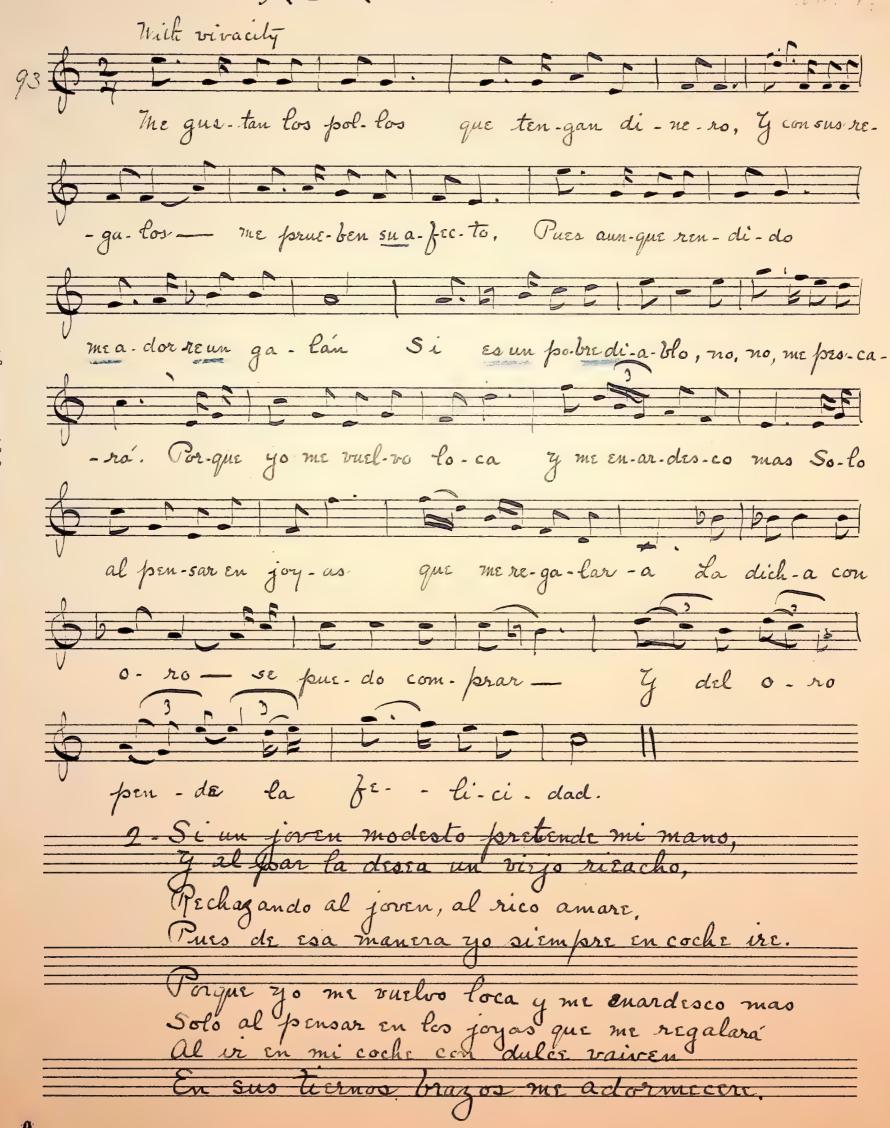


- tu-ra, Co-mo los flo-res quea-do-ran a' Dios - Mu-jei, mu-

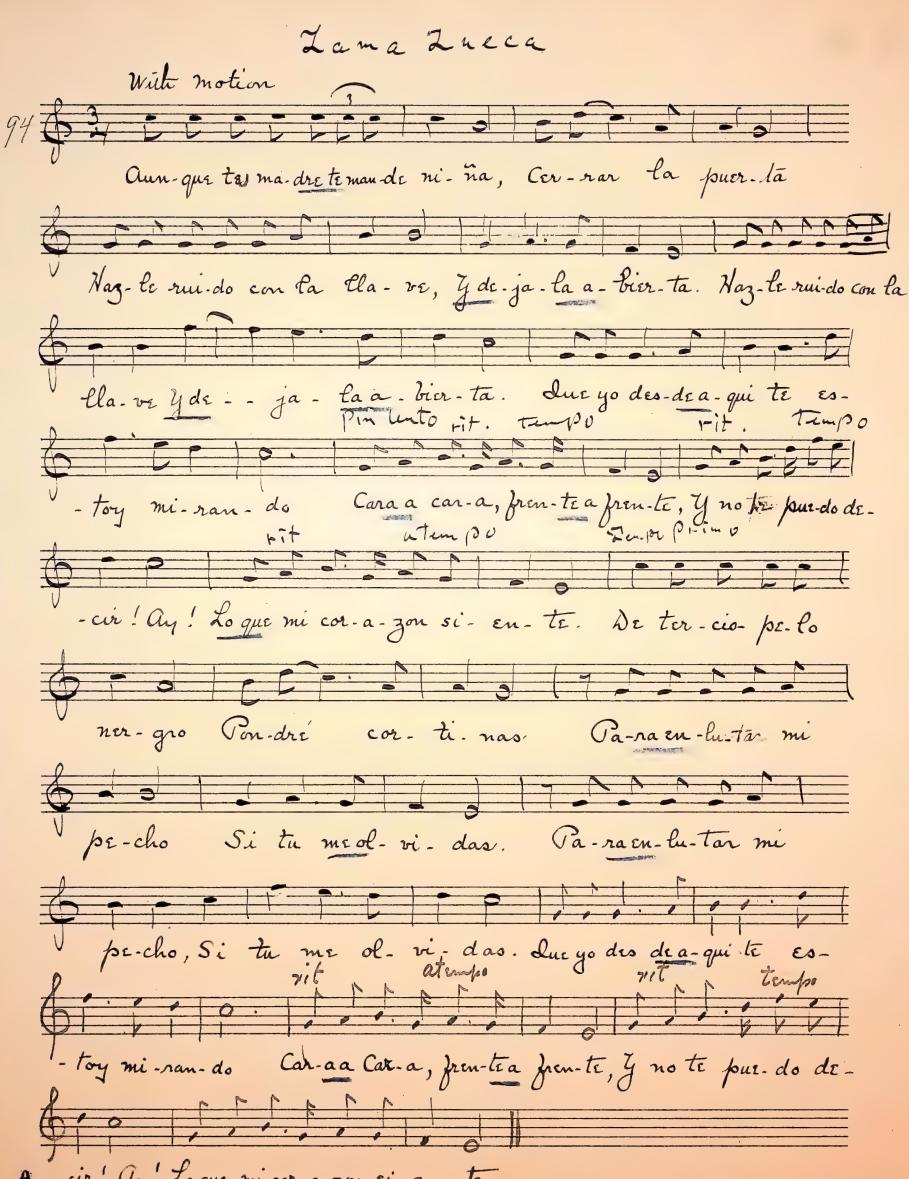




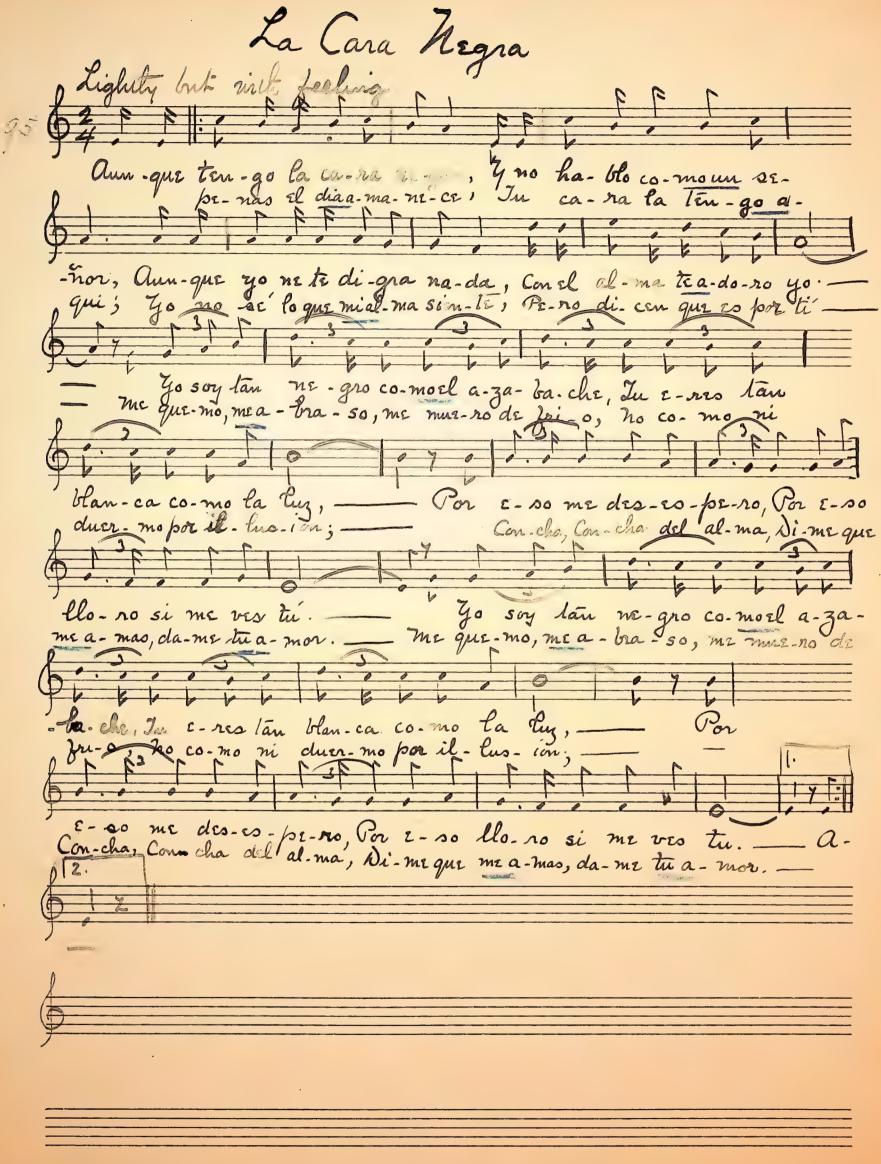






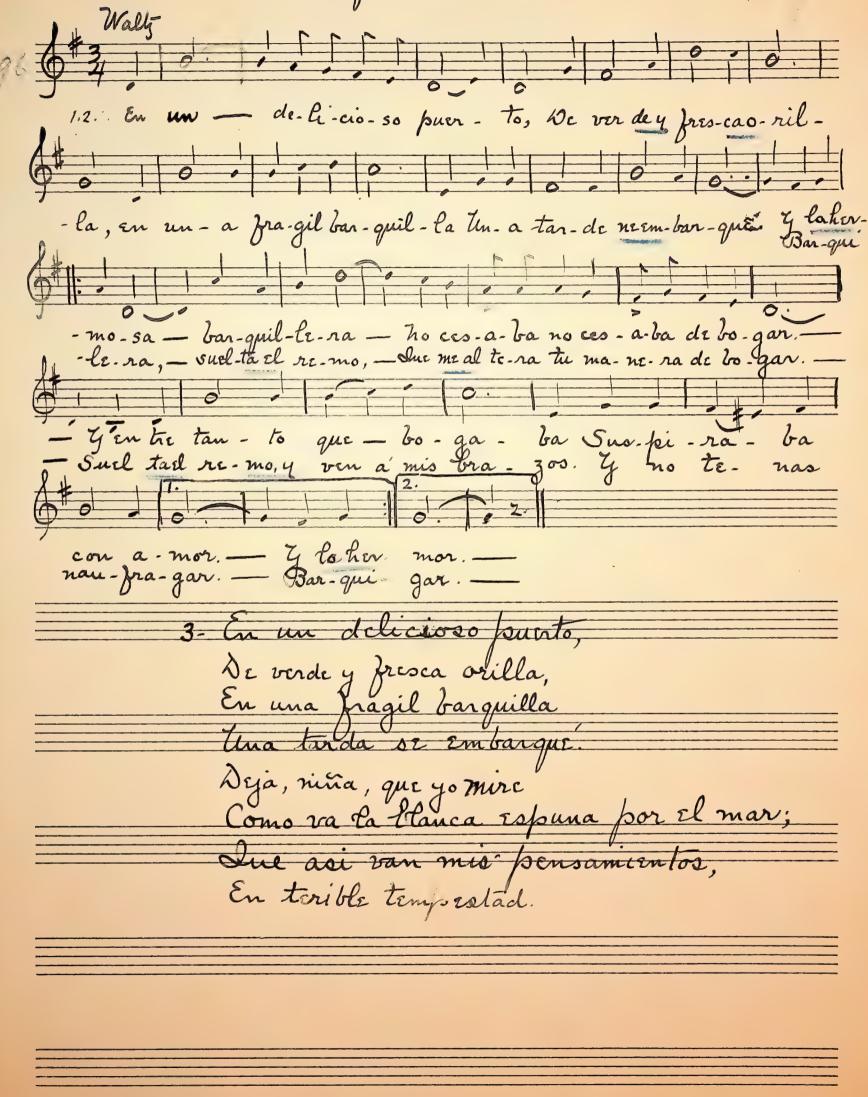


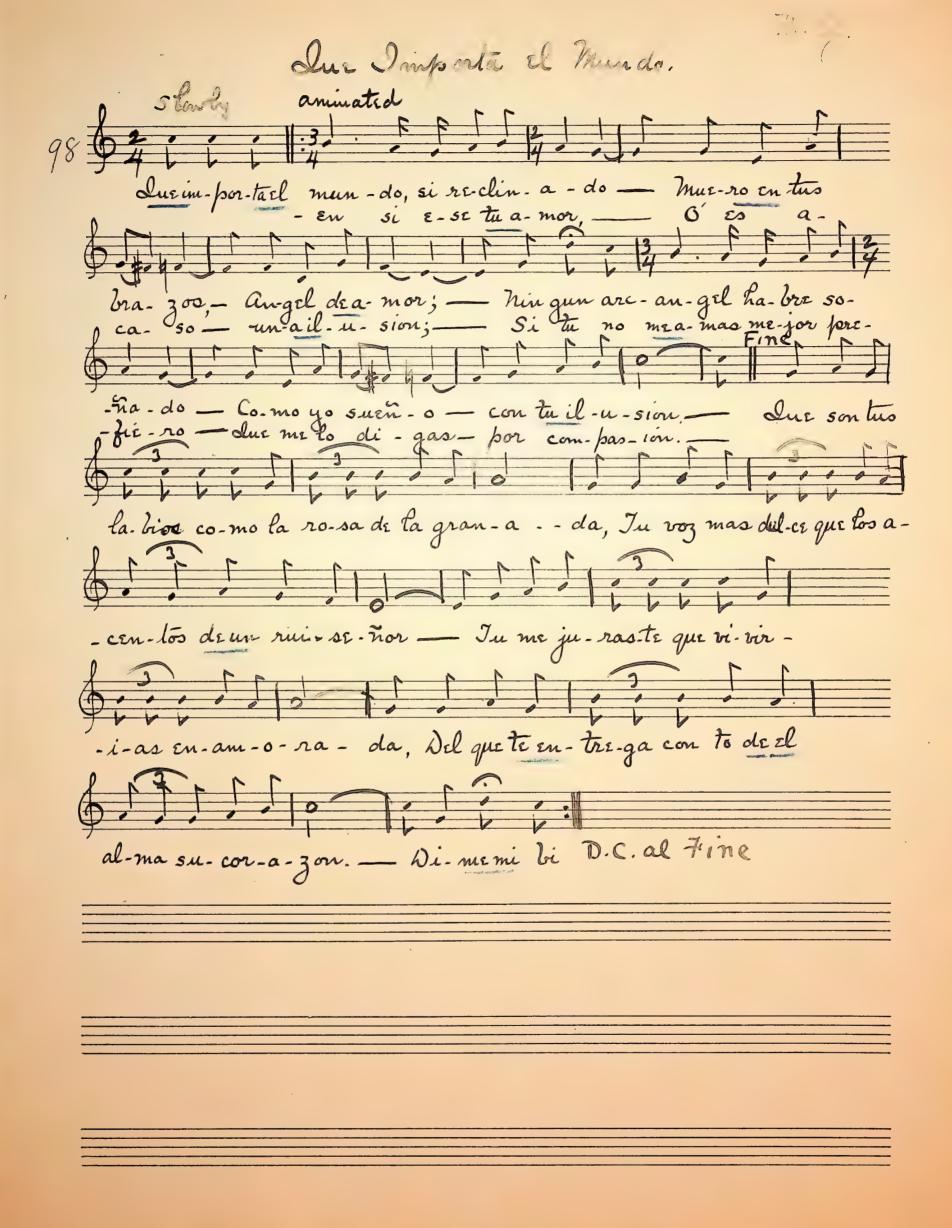
-cir! Ay! Loque mi cor-a-zon si-en-te.

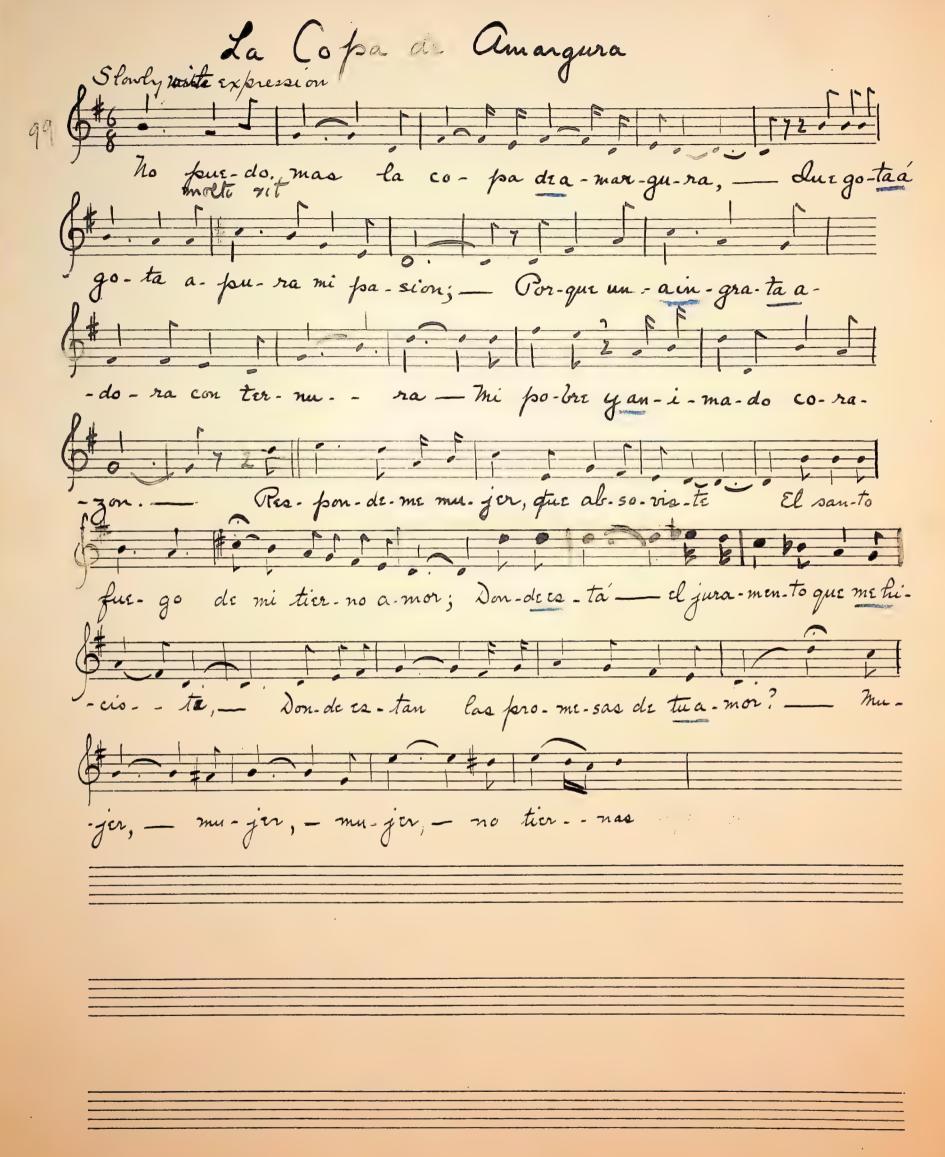




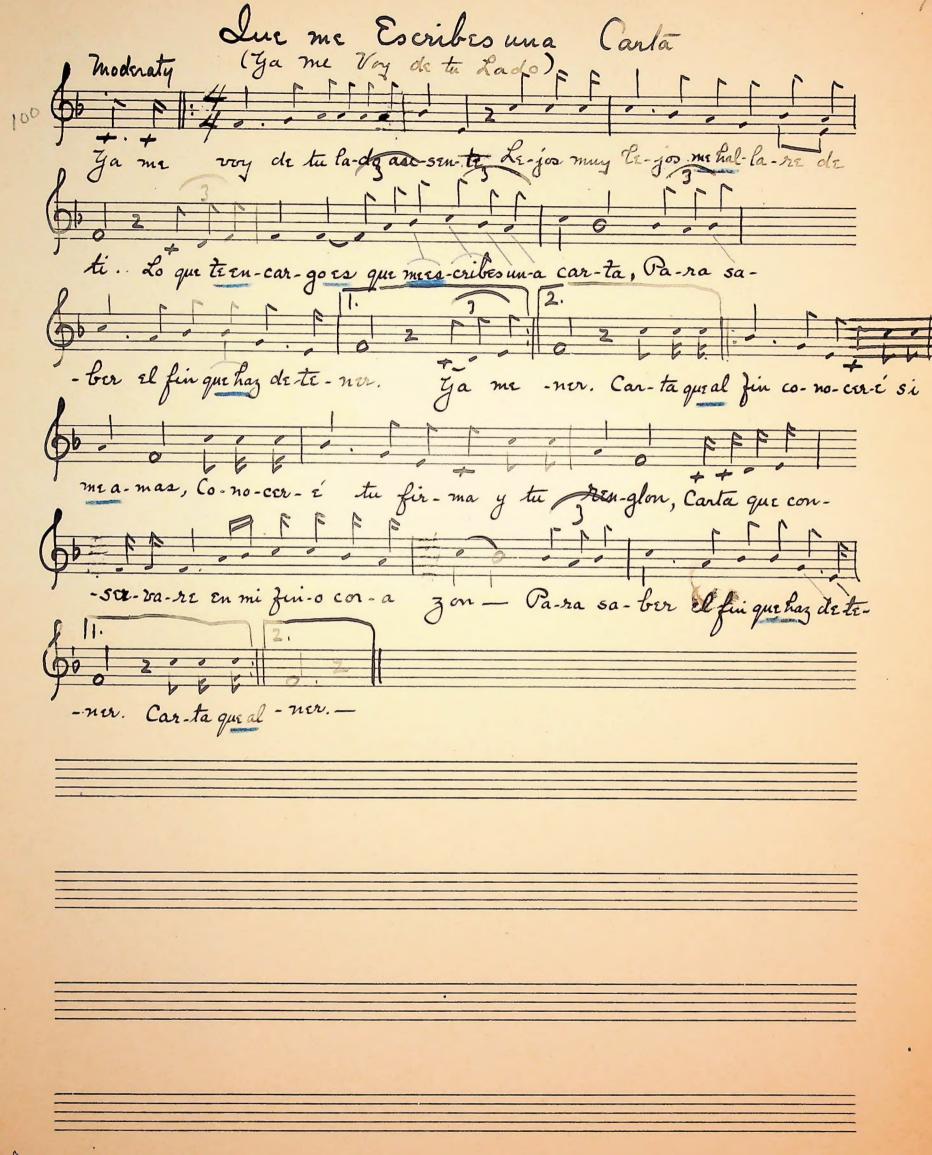
La Barquillera







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837
The same of the same that the same of the
a same fulgo al me allono amor;
Donde esta el juramento que me hicista.
Donde esta el juramento que me hicista,
Donde esta el juramento que me hicista,
- Donde estan las promesas de tus amor?
- Donde estan las promesas de tus amor?
- Donde estan las promesas de tus amor?
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Cuanda me Enamoro

